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Vol. CCIV, No. 2662
FEBRUARY 17, 1951

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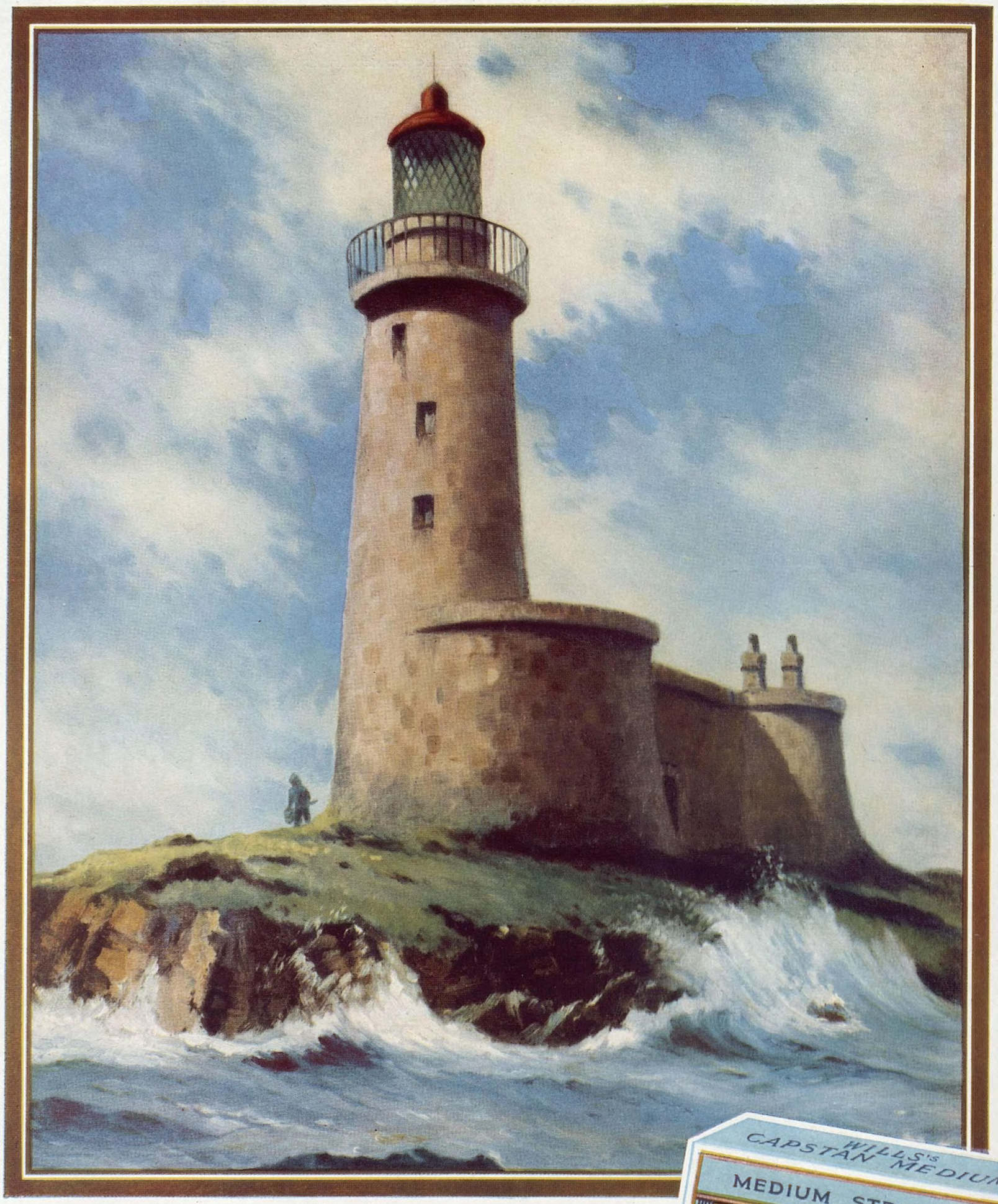

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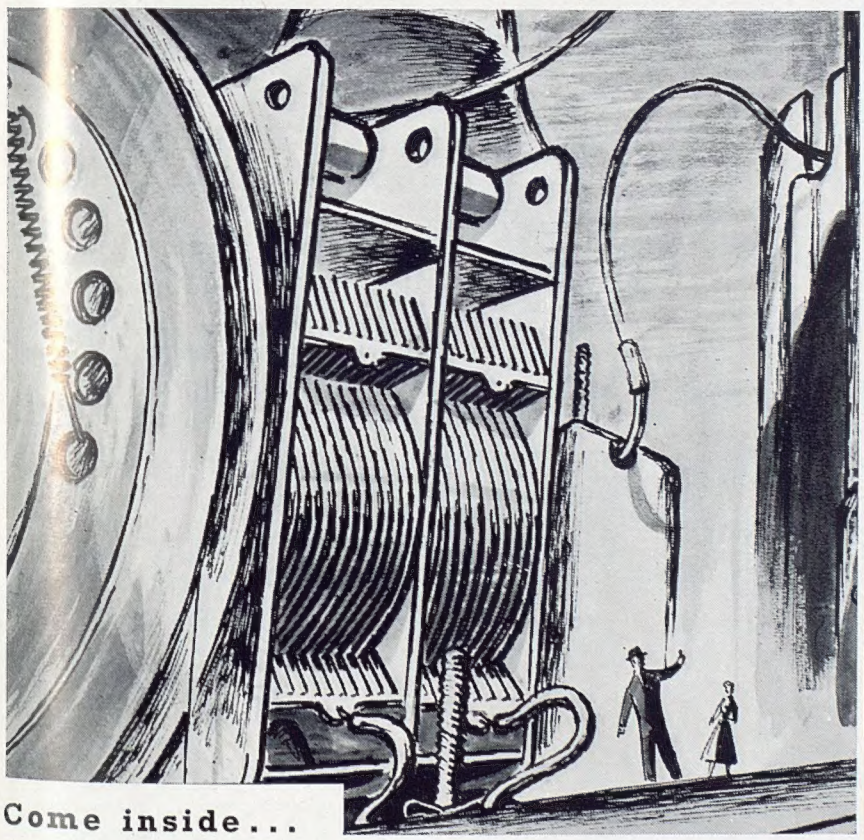

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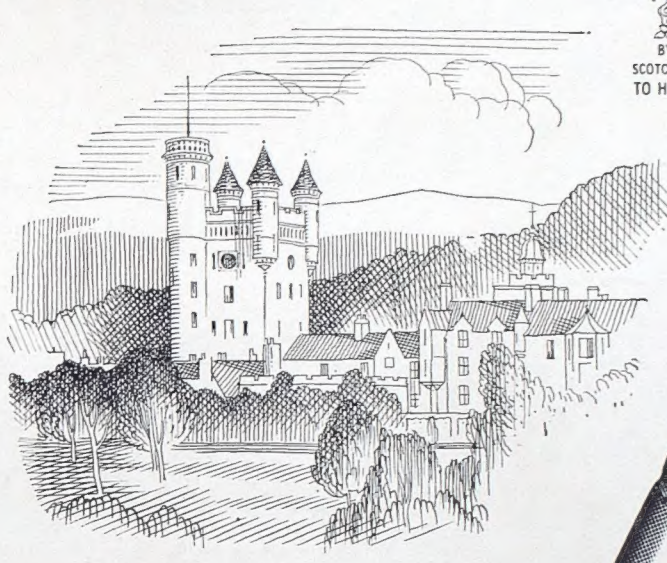

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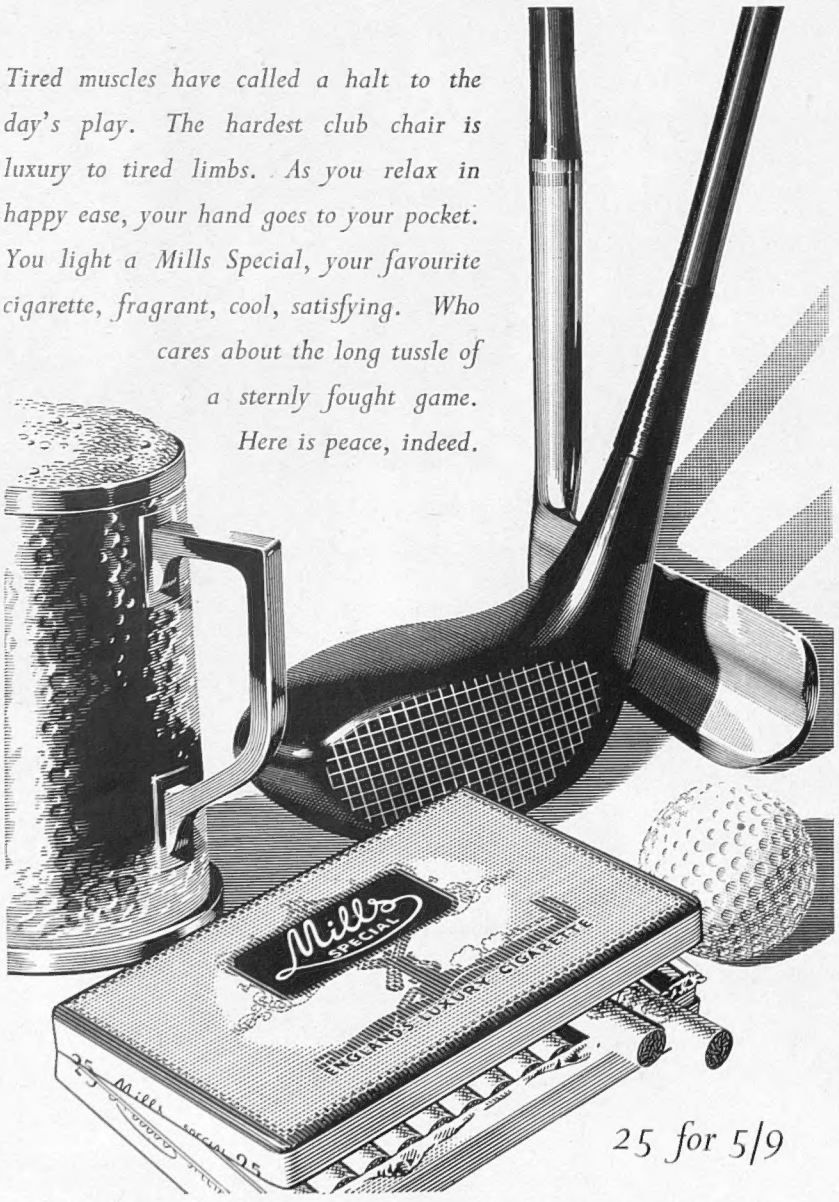

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Volume CCIV No. 2662

The SPHERE, London, February 17, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

ANOTHER NEW YORK RAILWAY TRAGEDY—PASSENGER CARS LYING BESIDE THE TRACK AFTER 83 PEOPLE HAD BEEN KILLED AND 330 INJURED IN THE DISASTER AT WOODBRIDGE, NEW JERSEY, WHEN THE SOUTHBOUND EVENING TRAIN, KNOWN AS "THE BROKER," LEAPT FROM A TEMPORARY BRIDGEWAY AT A SPEED OF OVER 50 M.P.H. : This is the third major railroad tragedy in the New York area within a period of twelve months. The greatest loss of life was in the coach seen lying to the left of two others in the centre of the picture. This coach rolled over several times before coming to rest.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has been sharply criticised by the Chief Investigator into the wreck of "The Broker," the businessmen's train which crashed with such disastrous loss of life en route from Jersey City to Bay Head Junction. Mr. Alex Eber, the investigator, who is Assistant Prosecutor of Middlesex County, New Jersey, has pointed out the railroad's failure to have caution signals at the approaches to the wooden trestle bridge (a temporary overpass near some road-works), and he said last week that this "represents a complete and indifferent disregard for human life." Mr. Eber also pointed to the railroad's failure to see to it that the train's engineer pasted into his own working timetable a sticker copy of the general order calling for reduced speed on the approach to the Woodbridge trestle. The disaster occurred at 5.43 p.m., and all night long rescue workers laboured under the glare of floodlights to free the last victims from the wreckage. On the following morning it was known that the death roll exceeded the total of seventy-nine who died in the crash between two trains on the Long Island Railroad last November. When the eleven coaches hurtled down the embankment at Woodbridge residents streamed from their homes to help the injured, and most of the houses in the neighbourhood were turned into casualty clearing stations. The ill-fated train was more crowded than usual, as it was carrying passengers who normally travel on the Jersey Central, the latter being out of action on account of the prevailing strike.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Liberals Decide—Nothing.—Wednesday, February 7, was to be a vital, fateful day in British politics, to put it no wider. On the eve of the Steel vote the handful of Liberals announced their decision to vote solidly with the Opposition. This decision did not necessarily decide the issue or the fate of the Government. The figures of available votes on both sides in this confidence vote were not precisely estimable, being fluent with 'flu ; but it made probable a very near-run thing. It seemed that every one felt the tension and that a majority of the nation of all parties considered that in our fearful pass and after so many failures, albeit many might be due to sheer bad luck, the Government, if defeated by only a single vote, ought not to attempt to carry on further without a new mandate. That, I think, was not a faulty estimate of majority opinion on the day of the vote. The motion called for postponement, not reversal, of an Act on the Statute Book, on the grounds of the record production of the industry and the immediate needs of rearmament. Nothing was said in the wording of the motion, as finally agreed, about the need for national unity. That plea had hitherto always figured in Opposition criticism. The vote was taken on it only one week before the day of transfer. Mr. Attlee's dilemma in the event of defeat was either to resign or to dissolve Parliament and bring about a General Election. The third alternative, " to carry on," might occur to him on a tie. It was presumed that he expected to win by inches. So the stage was set before the fateful day. That day ended in (sensational) bathos. First, the speeches of the principals were by no means free from irrelevance. There were cheap sniggers at many cheap scores. And at the end of it, the Government defeated the motion by what has come to be regarded as the normal, " easy " majority of ten. It is over. I shan't trouble to wait for the voting statistics. I shall assume that 'flu is a political partisan of the Left. The *facts* are clear —and decisive. The nation is to remain divided, the Socialists retain unity and office.

Food for Reflection.—And after steel—meat. The Grand National course, as laid out on February 8, was about as stiff as could be. The odds against the favourites finishing the course without a tumble were, by all agreement, long. But Socialism once more proved to be Pegasus and sailed over a couple of Becher's Brooks with comfortable margins—to romp home and resume possession of the prize until the next steeplechase. Well, there it is. If a majority in the House—in the *nation* is quite another matter—can swallow the meat, it can swallow any muddle. No Becher's Brook on the horizon can upset the Pegasus. If Mr. Webb, throwing a last brick to top the pile of dropped bricks, can come triumphantly out of a vote of censure of that magnitude and import in a House so nicely balanced, then indeed public opinion has little consideration in Parliament and the Government should be safe with its pocket-majority against all chances for four more years, short only of world war. The septuagenarians on the Opposition side may well turn their eyes towards the comforts of private life and get down to writing their memoirs of political life. " We believe that this great and proud country is prepared to stand up to Argentina." The " we " implies the whole Cabinet. The boast followed the announcement that delicate negotiations, not unhopeful, were even then being resumed with Argentina. Those were the last words of Mr. Webb's speech. Since no ingenuity could make the brick more devastating, one might suppose they were Mr. Webb's last words in Parliament. But no...It is a stable of Pegasuses.

Frigid.—The partridges are pairing but not all the birds. Our big "two-legged eagles " maintain a curiously frigid attitude on the question of pairing. Mr. Gordon Walker is in South Africa on business of State. A snap division may upset the Government's apple-cart any day. The Premier was

CRISIS WEEK IN PARLIAMENT—THE GREAT THRONG OF CARS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHERE MEMBERS TURNED UP IN FORCE ON TWO SUCCESSIVE DAYS FOR THE DEBATES ON STEEL AND MEAT : The Government survived the Steel Debate by ten votes, having mustered 308 supporters, within three of their total strength, to counter the combined assault of Conservatives and Liberals. On the following night the Government again survived, this time by only eight votes, two Labour Members having succumbed to 'flu in the course of the day. During the battle over steel there was great tension in the Chamber and Members occupied every seat and stood twelve deep at the Bar of the House as the tellers entered to announce the division figures.

reluctant to bring him back for a vital division, but " the prevalence of influenza " required that every available vote should be cast in the House. Would Mr. Churchill oblige ? Mr. Churchill's answer was dusty indeed ; frigid as a slab of frozen fish. Exceptionally a " pair " could be arranged, but there must be no idea of a precedent and (to make all clear and friendly and above board) the correspondence had better be published ; yours sincerely. And published it was. See Max Beerbohm's " How shall I word it ? " in *And even now*. The P.S. to his " suitable letter acknowledging a (beastly) wedding present " is in point here : " My husband warns Lord Amblesham to keep out of his way or assume some disguise so complete that he will not be recognised by him and horse-whipped. P.S.—I am sending copies of this letter to the London and Provincial newspapers." O St. Valentine !

A Fantastic Proposal.—Mr. Osborne (Louth, C.) got the usual negative from Mr. Attlee when he asked for one last attempt at a personal discussion with Stalin in Moscow. The plea : That this nation would more willingly bear the burden of rearmament if it were proved to it by trial that *every* reasonable step had been taken to avert the drift to war. No, said Mr. Attlee, we mustn't go behind America's back. The world's nightmare is fantastic, and a suggestion or notion must be fantastic indeed before it should be laughed out of court as not worth a try. I believe that if the bulk of the Western World could reveal its majority opinion that opinion would favour a last desperate attempt to reason *tête-à-tête* with Stalin at Moscow. For my part, I would choose one man to represent the Western bloc. Not an American, because just now Stalin would refuse to see him. Not Mr. Churchill, for much the same reason. A Frenchman perhaps, though not one directly identified with U.N. or the Atlantic Pact. Not a leader of Church or State or Party. I know the man I should ask to go, and ask the Western nations to nominate for this final throw for sanity. His attainments, his character, his way of life, his common sense, seem to fit the bill like a glove fits a hand—Bertrand Russell.

The Storm O'er Pale Britannia.—It is not often that a poet commemorates an unusually severe storm. Historians remember that which raged when Cromwell died and Addison superbly recorded an eighteenth-century manifestation, at the time of Marlborough's wars. My memory holds vivid a tremendous gale one November day in the years between. I was out driving near Oxford at the worst of it and our car was imprisoned by the simultaneous fall across the road of six old elms bordering it. The blast that did that damage must have been of typhoon force, and I shall never forget it. It was unsafe to be in the car and we were crouching in the ditch. The nearest rival I have experienced since then was certainly the gale of February 4 and 5 last. The unprecedented drop in the barometer to a point far lower than the records quoted presages some dirty work, and the wind-force was certainly remarkable in gusts. The debris it left on the ground is a rough gauge. The storm played havoc with the Douglases, tallest and most brittle of conifers, and stripped the green leaves off rhododendrons as though they were chestnuts in an autumn gale. But it was exclusively and curiously kind to our local telephone lines, newly-repaired after the snowstorm of early January ; and considering the dicky state of my bomb-shaken tiles and outbuildings, was less destructive, basically, than expected. It passed. The damage was made good as far as possible. In the calm that followed the voice of spring sang out triumphantly, blackbird and chaffinch vying with each other in rash promises of better times. And not even the shriek of the gale quite drowned the optimism of the missel-thrush, that stormcock.

Pooping the Snoop.—It is my earnest hope that, come September 1951, when game licences again become useful in England, the common informer will fail to renew his licence to pursue his small game. It looks as if the Government will support a Private Member's Bill to end this nasty, Puritan, un-English snooping which has been licensed by Acts of Parliament since about 1350. The very notion of laying informations for the sake of morality, but in the hope of personal gain, is singularly unattractive, and has so appeared most often under the Sunday Observance Act of 1780. Only last year a Common Informer netted £200 for giving away a Sunday dance at Brighton. Summary proceedings will take the place of informer action in as many as forty-five still extant and antiquated Acts, if this Bill goes through. It will be a useful clean-up and codification of our legal system. We have had the Common Informers on our list for years, and they 'll none of them be missed, albeit alas ! under modern legislation and controls many new officials, slightly tinged with their colours, remain. The enforcement officers and the " innocent " sleuths who in a friendly way buy a pint of the roundsman's milk and then bottle it in triplicate and test it for dilution, and so on. They are doing their jobs, of course, on a salary basis ; but what they have to do doesn't always look pretty in Court. The fewer the better in a nation that hates peeping Toms. The fewer there are, the clearer proof of a nation returning to a respect for law and order. We need that proof to-day.

THE OLD STAGER

" WITH BEST WISHES "

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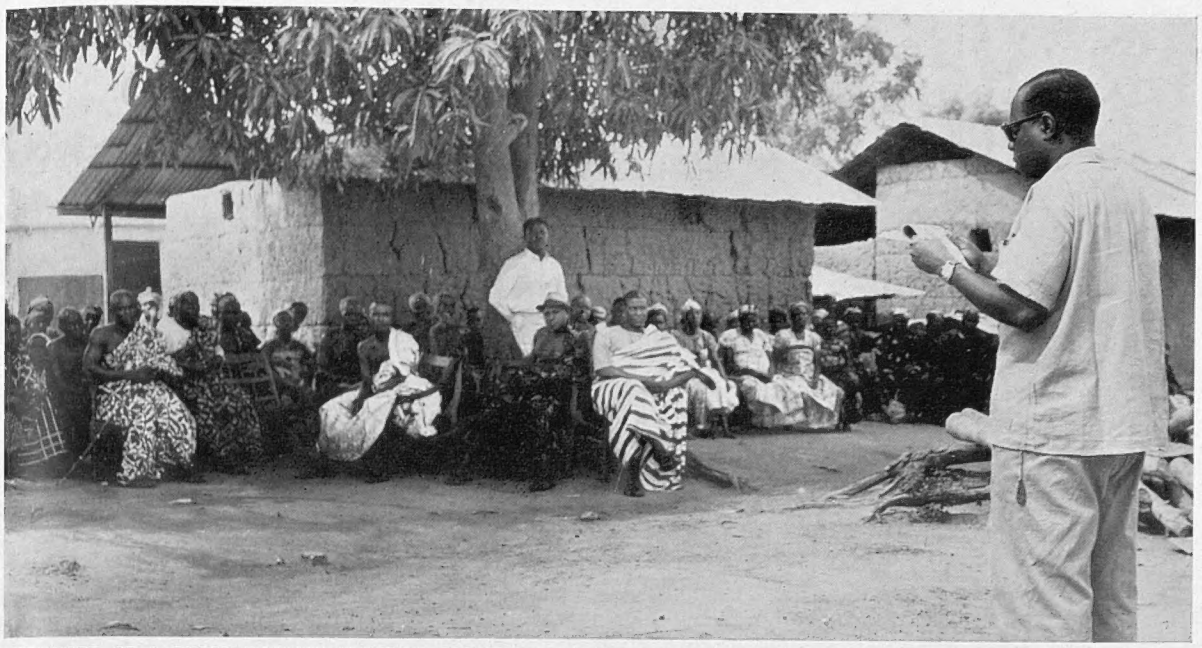
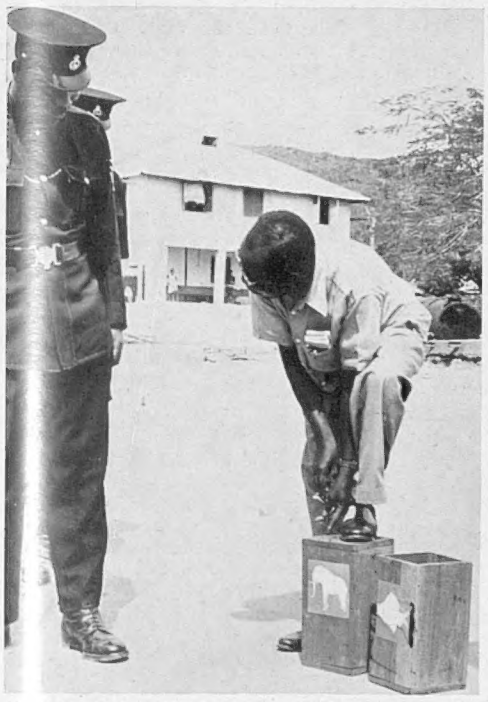


THE START OF A RURAL PRIMARY ELECTION FOR THE GOLD COAST'S FIRST POPULARLY ELECTED PARLIAMENT : An African Assistant Returning Officer addressing electors in a sub-electoral district at Asamankese, Gold Coast, when he read out the electoral regulations, telling the people what they had to do to elect a delegate from their district to the Koforidua Electoral College, which would in turn return one man to the Gold Coast Parliament. In no fewer than 3,000 rural districts the elections were inaugurated in this way, and when the votes were counted it was found that the extreme nationalist Convention People's Party, whose leader has been in gaol for sedition, had won easily.

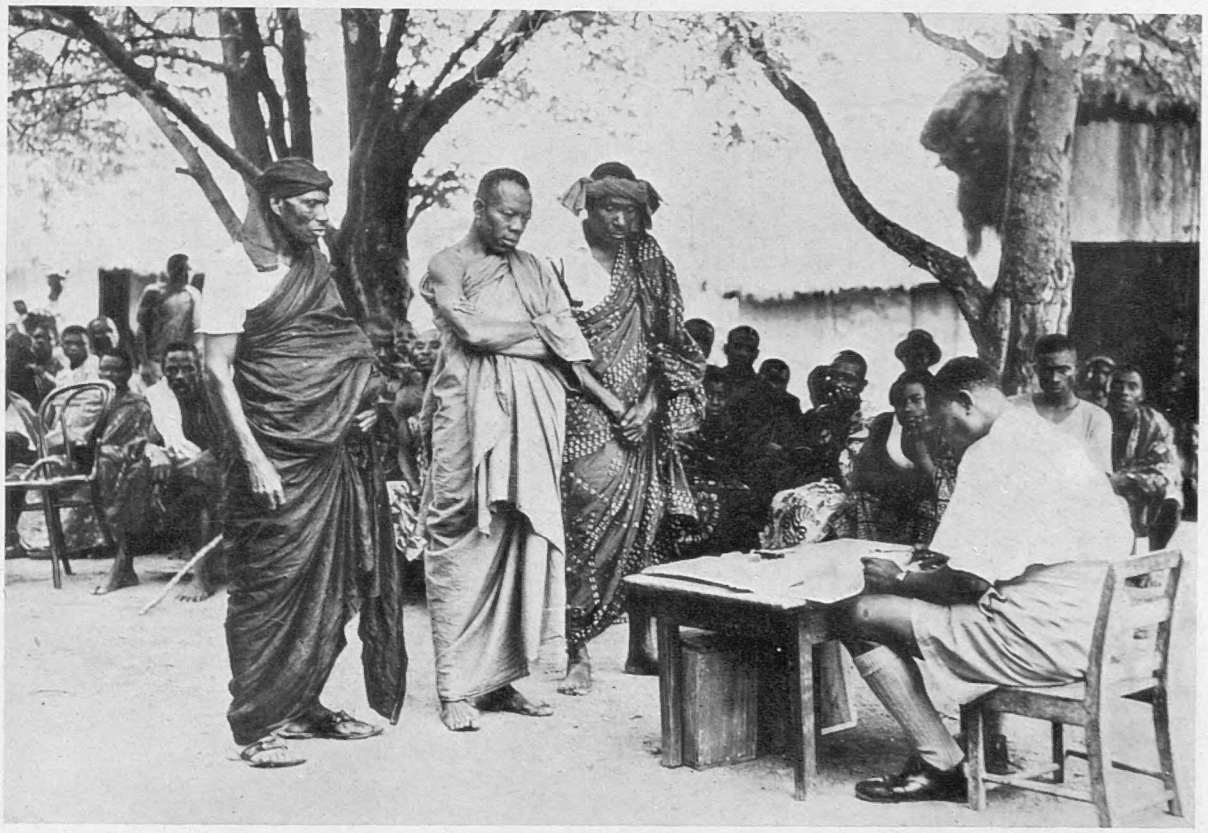
The Gold Coast Votes for Self Government

THE EXTREME NATIONALIST PARTY SWEEPS THE POLLS

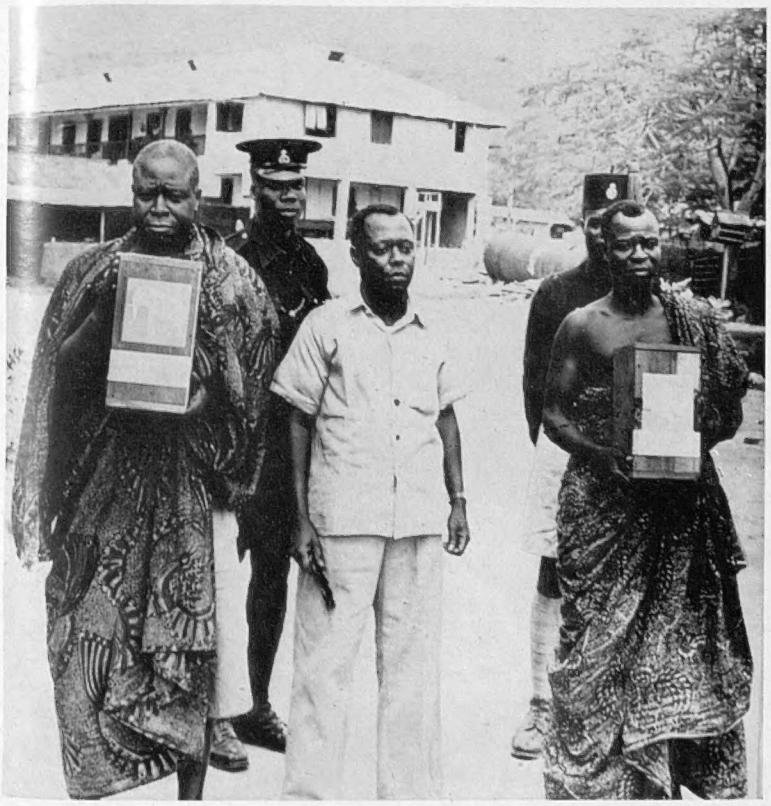
The Gold Coast, where English and Dutch traders exploited the slave traffic in the seventeenth century, has lately been the scene of a great experiment in democracy, the country going to the polls to return its first popularly elected Parliament. The Parliament consists of thirty-eight Africans popularly elected, thirty-seven Africans chosen by traditional interests, and nine Europeans, making a total of eighty-four. Of the popularly-elected Africans, thirty-three are elected by electoral colleges, which in turn have been elected from the rural communities. For the five urban seats there are direct elections. The general election has proved a triumph for the extremist Convention People's Party, which is pledged to immediate self-Government, and if it so desired could probably go ahead with that project now. For the old ruling chiefs of the Gold Coast and the Ashanti it means that the days of their power are numbered. One excellent thing that has emerged from the election has been the training in democracy which the public relations department has given to the people of remote villages, using every means at its disposal to make clear to the voters the meaning of the election and the power that lies within their hands.



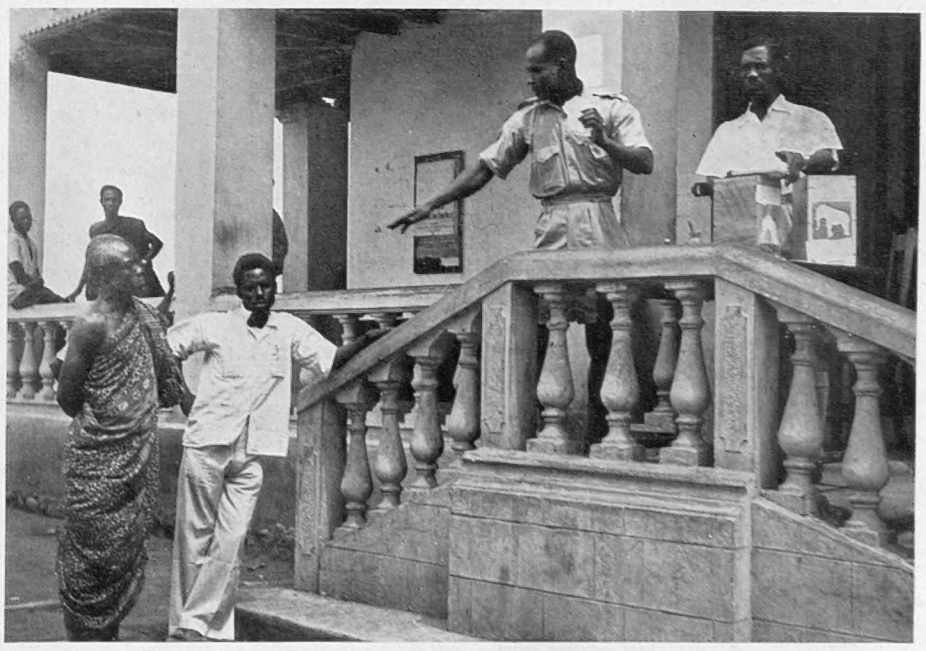
OF ...ING THE BALLOT BOXES AFTER THE VILLAGE HAD VOTED : Watched by members of the police the Assistant Returning Officer unscrews the boxes before starting the count. The elephant sign represents the Convention People's Party. Other symbols in the election were the fish and the cock.



A CANDIDATE IS ELECTED UNOPPOSED TO THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE IN THE SUB-DISTRICT OF VAPKO IN THE GAADANGBE RURAL CONSTITUENCY : The candidate, Mr. E. A. Carbo, stands between his proposer and seconder as nominations are taken by the Assistant Returning Officer. Mr. Carbo became one of 136 delegates elected to the College to represent 137,000 people. From that college of 136 delegates one man has since been elected to the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly. In all, the country districts of the Gold Coast chose members of thirty-three electoral colleges, and each of these colleges sends one legislator to the new Parliament.



TWO OPPOSING CANDIDATES PRESENT THEMSELVES FOR ELECTION : Each carries his symbol, one an elephant and another a fish, as the majority of voters cannot read. Between them stands the Assistant Returning Officer, who introduces the candidates to the people and then outlines the system of voting and what it connotes.



THE ASSISTANT RETURNING OFFICER ANNOUNCES THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS AT AGDNA IN ASHANTI : He indicates the winner, Eben Agyeman (who is wearing native costume), and the loser, Kwabena Edusei (in shirt and trousers). On the table beside the Assistant Returning Officer are the two opened ballot boxes, bearing the symbols of the cock and of the elephant.

INDUSTRIAL TIDINGS

Wilfred Pickles Joins the Miners; The Police Swoop on the Dock Strike Leaders; and a Procession of Strikers from an Exhibition Site

THE FILMING OF THE FIRST TELEVISION PROGRAMME IN A COAL-MINE—WILFRED PICKLES AT BOLSOVER COLLIERY, DERBYSHIRE: *On left*—The radio compere (wearing white jacket and helmet), who has been given the task of encouraging coal output from Britain's mines, seen interviewing a miner during the shooting of the film which is to be televised on February 28. The programme will contain a survey of Bolsover, its people, and the men who bring out the coal. *On right*—Mr. Pickles, after his visit to the coal face, talks to miners in their canteen. Mr. Pickles, who is acting under the National Coal Board's direction, has gone among Britain's miners in order to put over to them, in a way they understand, the facts about the fuel crisis. It is hoped his expedition to the coalfields will encourage the miners into putting an even greater effort into their task of getting coal for the replenishment of Britain's greatly depleted stocks.

SALOON BAR DRAMA—A DOCK-STRIKE LEADER IS LED FROM A BACK ROOM OF A STEPNEY PUBLIC HOUSE: Joseph Cowley (centre) is escorted from the White Hart after his arrest. The meeting of the committee in the back room began at 8.30 and the police swoop took place shortly afterwards. It appears that the back room had been used continuously throughout the present landlord's tenancy as a headquarters of the unofficial Port Workers' Defence Committee.

AFTER THEIR RELEASE ON BAIL FROM BOW STREET POLICE STATION—FOUR OF THE SIX DOCK-STRIKE LEADERS WHO WERE ARRESTED AT A STEPNEY, LONDON, PUBLIC HOUSE: The six men were arrested in a back room of the White Hart public house, and charged with "conspiracy to incite dockers to take part in illegal strikes." They were taken first to Leman Street Police Station and then to Bow Street, where they were released, each on his own bail of £100. The four in this picture from left to right are—Bill Johnson, of Birkenhead; Ted Dickens of Homerton; Albert Timothy, living at East Ham, chairman of the Port Workers' Committee; and Joe Harrison, chairman of the Merseyside Port Workers' Committee. The other two men not shown are Harry Constable of East Ham, and Joseph Cowley, a member of the Port Workers' Committee. The raid on the White Hart was carried out by Special Branch men following the Government decision to adopt a sterner attitude towards the dock strikes.

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE WHITE HART, STEPNEY: Ted Dickens (second from left), being escorted to the police van outside the public house. The arrests were made in connection with the Merseyside dock strike.

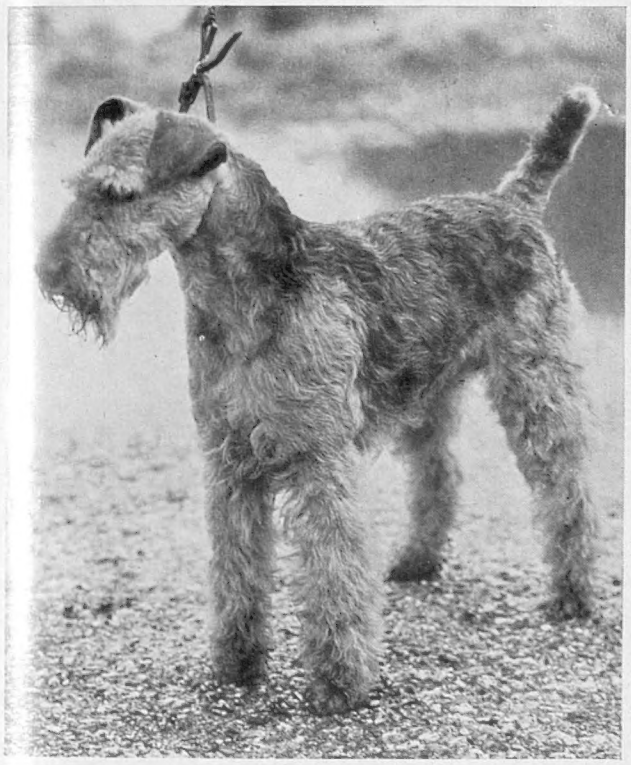
"WE DEMAND A TANNER"—BUILDING WORKERS FROM THE BATTERSEA PARK FESTIVAL SITE STAGE A TOKEN STRIKE AND HOLD A MEETING IN HYDE PARK: They were marching to Hyde Park to join other Festival of Britain employees to discuss their demand for 6d. an hour increase. Many men carried banners and chanted "We demand a tanner." The token strike of four hours was being carried out by more than 1,000 building workers, including 700 from the Battersea Park Festival site. Sixty-five electricians from the same site also stopped work in support of the 200 electricians on the South Bank site who were still on strike in protest against the course of negotiations on their claim for 2d. an hour "Exhibition" money.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA

A Welsh Terrier Wins the Best-in-Show

A Welsh terrier, an Alsatian, an Old English Sheepdog and a Saluki remained in the ring for the final judging for Best-in-Show out of nearly 6,000 dogs which were entered for the 1951 Cruft's Dog Show at Olympia. The bigger dogs were defeated by the Welsh terrier bitch which had already won the award for the first day, when Mr. W. D. Buglass's Saluki, Golden Dawn Nadir Nar, was runner-up. Much interest in the show was centred on the mastiffs, which had not been seen at Cruft's since 1939. Only twenty specimens of the breed were left in this country after the last war and some of these were too old for breeding. In 1946, fifteen enthusiasts formed the Old English Mastiff Club, but by the end of 1947, fewer than ten mastiffs were left. Soon after, two bitches were imported from Canada, the descendants of mastiffs exported from Great Britain in 1939. The breed is now becoming established again and, in 1950, thirty-one dogs were registered at the Kennel Club. The mastiff is considered the most truly British of all the breeds. They were found during the Roman landings, but the breed dates back to centuries B.C. In Norman times, all other dogs were prohibited from the royal woods.

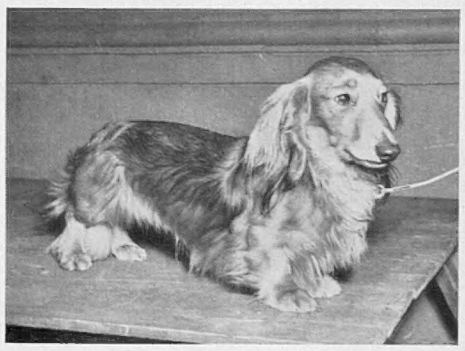
JUDGING BORZOIS AT LAST WEEK'S CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA : Between 5,000 and 6,000 dogs were judged in the Grand Hall on the two days of the show. The Friday was the day for hounds, terriers and toy dogs, and the Saturday for the larger breeds, gun-dogs and non-sporting breeds. For the first time since 1939 mastiffs were shown. Two were Canadian and three British bred.



THE BEST IN THE SHOW : Twynstar-Dyma-Fi, the Welsh terrier bitch, owned by Captain and Mrs. I. H. Thomas, which won the supreme award, thus breaking the long run of successes of Mr. H. S. Lloyd with his Cocker Spaniels. The prize for the best gun-dog in the show was awarded to Mr. Lloyd's Cocker, Joywyns Blueboy of Ware.

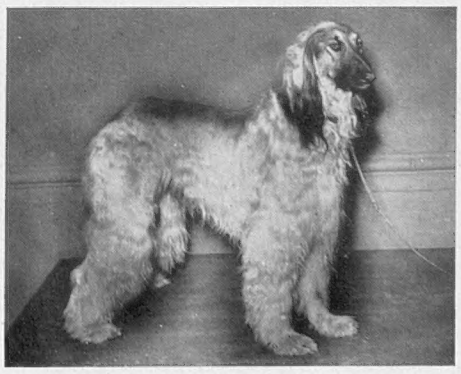
RESERVE BEST-IN-SHOW : Edana of Combehill, Mr. H. E. Johnson's Alsatian bitch, won the Cruft's Cup for best of the gun-dogs or non-sporting breeds and was defeated in the Best-in-Show by Twynstar-Dyma-Fi.

A MASTIFF AT CRUFT'S : Rodney of Havengore was one of the five of the breed shown for the first time at Cruft's since 1939. The breed was in danger of extinction until the formation of the Old English Mastiff Club in 1946, when only about twenty were left in England.



MINIATURE LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUND : Mrs. O. Smith-Rewse's champion Primrose-patch Jasper, which was best of breed.

BEST OF BREED AND RUNNER-UP FOR BEST OF THE GUN-DOGS OR NON-SPORTING BREEDS : Shepton Indomitable, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Howells's Old English Sheepdog, was one of the four dogs in the final judging for the Best-in-Show in the 1951 Crufts.



AFGHAN HOUNDS : *On left*—Mrs. F. C. Riley's Bletchingley Tribesman, which was awarded best of breed. Miss E. Snelling's Portrait of Khorrassan was judged bitch, best of breed. *On right*—Mrs. M. F. Masters arriving at Olympia with a handsome trio of Afghan Hounds, Rajah, Zari and Zabu. The Afghan Hound is a hunting dog in its native country and is probably an offshoot of the Arabian Saluki.

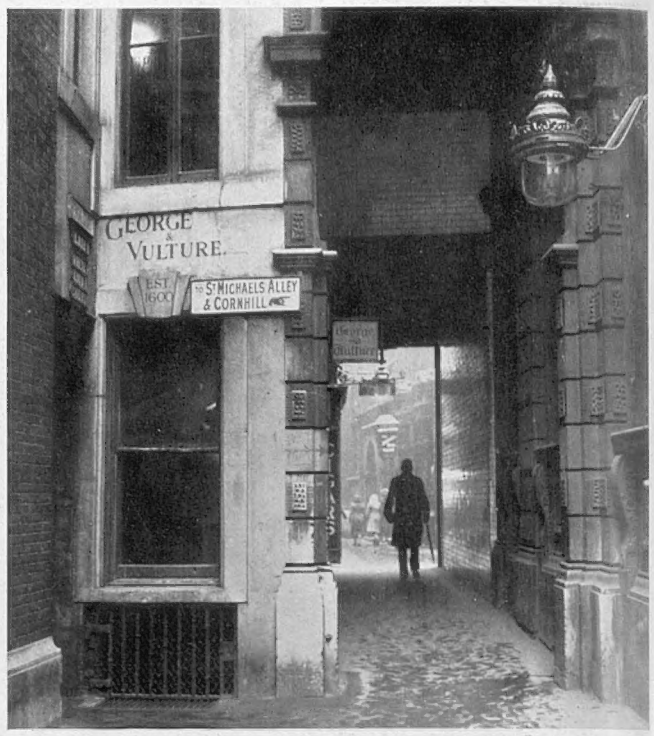
LONDON'S NEW GARDEN and an OLD CITY TAVERN

A Permanent Improvement Near St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Closing of the George and Vulture Tavern

IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—A FESTIVAL GARDEN TAKES SHAPE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The new garden, which is now being constructed on the bomb-damaged site by the Cathedral, is intended to be a permanent improvement. For this reason its cost has not been included in the City of London's estimates for arrangements in the forthcoming Festival of Britain.

A PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT IN THE BOMBED AREA OF THE CITY: It is hoped the garden will be ready in time for the opening of the Festival of Britain. In the centre background can be seen the bomb-damaged church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, while on the left stands St. Augustine's. It has been recommended that the garden should be named St. Paul's Garden.

Last week the Court of Common Council met to discuss the arrangements for the City of London's participation in the Festival of Britain. They had before them a report of the Improvements and Town Planning Committee of the Corporation which gave details of the proposals involving an expenditure of £2,350, but which, it is hoped, will be reduced to a much smaller figure by receipts from the sale of catalogues and booklets. Not included in the estimates is the garden which is now taking shape on the bomb-damaged site by St. Paul's Cathedral between Watling Street and Cannon Street. As this garden is to be a permanent improvement its cost is not being borne as a Festival expense. Designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, R.A., the garden will consist of a raised enclosure of terraced stone walks screened by lime trees along three sides. In the centre will be a sunken lawn, the west end of which will be closed by a stone wall carrying bronze masks from which water will flow. The sunken lawn will be framed by a lavender hedge and a continuous flower-bed on three sides. During the Festival months the garden will be adorned with masts carrying banners with heraldic devices, and an information centre for visitors will be available at the east end. The west end will form a semi-circular rostrum with a semi-circular stone seat.



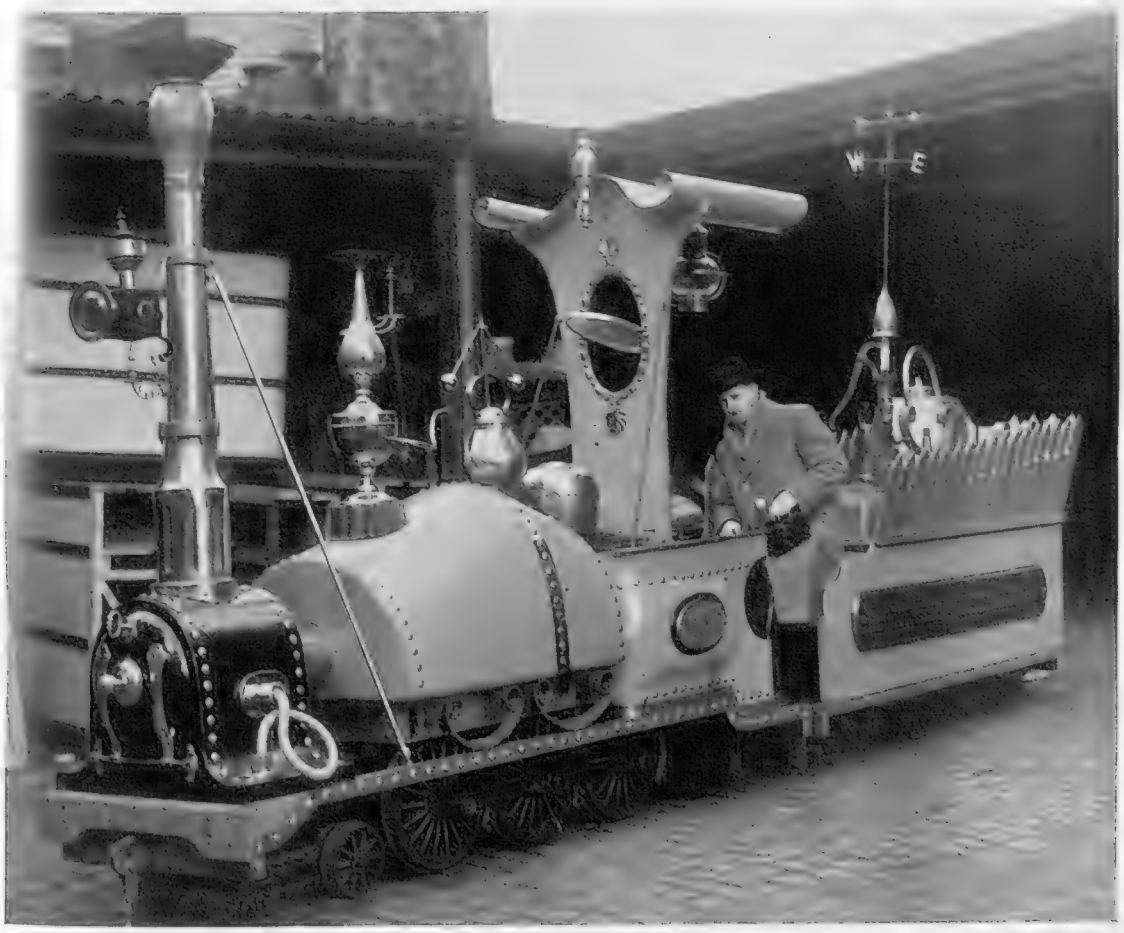
TO MAKE WAY FOR BANK BUILDINGS—THE GEORGE AND VULTURE TAVERN IN CASTLE COURT, BETWEEN CORNHILL AND LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.: An exterior view of the tavern, one of the oldest chop-houses in the City, which is to be closed. Its celebrity rests to-day on its Pickwickian Associations.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE CITY PICKWICK CLUB SINCE ITS FOUNDATION IN 1909: A lunch-time scene in the Pickwick Room restaurant which is furnished with high-backed pews.

LUNCH-TIME AT THE GEORGE AND VULTURE: A small plaque on the outside wall states that the tavern was established in 1600. For many years it had been known as the George.

In 1598 Stow mentioned a City tavern by the name of the George. This tavern, situated right in the heart of the City, is to-day known as the George and Vulture; the addition of the "Vulture" probably being made because the inn possessed some kind of an aviary. Now after centuries of service to workers and travellers in the City, the tavern is to close in order to make way for bank buildings. Before the last war the property was bought by Williams Deacon's Bank, and but for the war, the building would have been removed some years ago. The earlier tavern, known as the George, and which stood on the site till its destruction in the Great Fire, is said to have dated from the twelfth century. The restaurant is named in "Pickwick Papers" perhaps a dozen times, and many of the references suggest that Dickens himself had a high opinion of it. The restaurant on the ground floor is known as the Pickwick Room, and with its high-backed pews and homely air looks as though it has changed little since Dickens knew it. It was at the George and Vulture Tavern that Mr. Pickwick set up his headquarters after he abandoned Mrs. Bardell. The inn has not been used for residential purposes since 1860.

27-ACRE SITE ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES BETWEEN COUNTY HALL AND WATERLOO BRIDGE AS IT APPEARS LESS THAN THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION, THE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: The site is bisected by Hungerford railway bridge, running parallel with which is the Bailey bridge built by the Royal Engineers to provide access to the Exhibition for pedestrians approaching from Charing Cross. In the upstream sequence (nearest camera), is the Dome of Discovery, in which will be displays relating to British achievement in the realm of exploration, and the largest building in the downstream sequence is the Royal Festival Hall, which is to be opened by the King in May, and where a Toscanini concert will be one of the inaugural attractions. Two landing-stages have been built out from the Embankment wall so that passengers may travel to and from the Exhibition by river. It was on July 26, 1949, exactly to the day a century after work began on the Great Exhibition of 1851, that work was set in motion on the 27-acre South Bank site. The first objective was to complete the seventeen pavilions, all but two of which are now finished as regards externals, and at the same time work went ahead on the reclamation of four acres from the river by the building of the new granite wall. The wall was finished three months ahead of schedule, and the Bailey bridge, after falling into the Thames, was completed two months ahead. Five strikes in all have upset the progress of building work, and, due to rain, five weeks' work has been lost. Now two-and-a-half months remain to complete the buildings within, clear up the rubbish on the site, lay down the roads and formal gardens, and install fittings, lights and, of course, exhibits.



Centre-piece of
The Festival

A NEW AERIAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH BANK SITE AND ITS BUILDINGS

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR IN BATTERSEA: *Left*—This is *Nellie*, the locomotive which has been built in Southport for the Emett Miniature Railway which is being set up in the Battersea Pleasure Gardens in the design made famous by the artist in *Punch*. Mr. Emett has spent much time searching junk-shops for some of the magnificently ornate brasswork which is the chief glory of *Nellie*. *Right*—One of the stations for the Emett railway under construction in Battersea Park. The railway will run for nearly 500 yards along the south side of the Gardens, with one station near the Amusement Park and one near the Crescent Restaurant at the western end. The buildings will all have the characteristic air of dilapidation which is such a feature of the Emett technique.

"THE CONSUL"

A European Tragedy Makes a Poignant Modern Opera

Sir Laurence Olivier Presents Gian-Carlo Menotti's Latest Work at the Cambridge Theatre

CONGRATULATIONS FOR PATRICIA NEWAY: Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier with the soprano who plays the part of Magda Sorel in Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera, *The Consul*, which Sir Laurence Olivier has brought to London at the Cambridge Theatre.

WITHIN THE TOILS OF HEARTLESS OFFICIALDOM: Magda Sorel (Patricia Neway) stands beside the secretary's desk at the Consulate as the latter makes one of her frivolous and unhelpful telephone calls. Also waiting for their visas are Nika Magadoff (Norman Kelley) and Vera Boronell (Elinor Warren), just two more of the luckless derelicts caught up in the toils of Consular red tape. Nika, a conjurer, creates a curiously bizarre effect in the Consul's waiting-room when he carries out one of his juggling and hypnotic acts; but he does not succeed in juggling or hypnotising his way to freedom. The Consul himself never appears; only his shadow.

SHE SINGS THE HEROINE'S ROLE: Patricia Neway, who plays the part of Magda Sorel, the wife of the escaped leader of the underground movement, in *The Consul*. Her constantly-frustrated efforts to gain a visa to follow her husband to safety provide a theme of deep poignancy.

JOHN SOREL, MEMBER OF AN UNDERGROUND ORGANISATION, TELLS HIS WIFE AND MOTHER THAT THE POLICE ARE ON HIS TRAIL AND THAT HE MUST CROSS THE FRONTIER TO SAFETY: Russell George, Patricia Neway and Marie Powers (as the mother) in the opening scene of *The Consul*. Miss Powers is no newcomer to the West End, having distinguished herself in Menotti's *The Medium*, when that opera was presented in London some time ago by Mr. Emile Littler.

An opera without a plump heroine nobly draped and a stout hero with spear and buckler, or swans gliding upon well-oiled wheels, came to London last week after a failure in Milan and a prodigious success in New York. It is an opera modern in theme and urgent in its message, set in a police State somewhere in Europe, the story of men and women caught in the red tape and official documentation of a Consulate which bars their escape to freedom. Sir Laurence Olivier, who has backed *The Consul* and presents it at the Cambridge Theatre, saw this dramatic opera by Mr. Gian-Carlo Menotti during a visit to America last year. He was so impressed that he determined to bring it to London, bringing with it Miss Patricia Neway, the star who, in the part of Magda Sorel, the tragic heroine, scored an overnight success in Manhattan.

Gian-Carlo Menotti, who emigrated to the United States at the age of seventeen, reveals consummate theatrical craftsmanship in this poignant opera with the modern technique. He uses symphonic music to strengthen his presentation of the sufferings of the derelict creatures who wait in the Consul's office until despair and frustration claim them at last.

Written in three acts, each of which is divided into two scenes, *The Consul* deals primarily with John and Magda Sorel, their child, and John's mother, victims of oppression whose lives depend upon the refuge of the Consulate and the passports to freedom which they may obtain there. Menotti based this theme on an old Italian woman he found on New York docks and whom he saw as she was sent home again on the boat in which she had arrived, because her papers were not in order.

In the first act of *The Consul* we see Magda Sorel at the Consulate, where a meticulously efficient secretary screens all applicants. With impersonal authority, this secretary rules in a kingdom of applications, request forms and endless documentation. There Magda sees the luckless Mr. Kofner, who somehow or other never has his documents precisely right, and a tragic Foreign Woman whose story of her daughter alone and dying in another country has to be translated to the unyielding, but not entirely heartless, secretary. All put their lives in the hands of the Consulate, and all in the succeeding scenes meet with frustration and delay. Towards the end of the second act there is a particular moment of poignancy when Magda makes her last appeal to the secretary, and in a half-insane frenzy, attacks the soul-destroying system of papers and yet more papers. Finally, in defiance, she warns the secretary that the day will come when the hearts of free people will consume the paper chains that bind them. In the final scene Magda enters her home an instant too late to receive the 'phone call that tells of her husband's return. In hopeless resignation she shrouds the windows and the door, turns on the gas and so joins in the journey to death the pitiful derelicts who like herself were barred from freedom at the Consulate, finding, in fact, no compassion among the living. On the first night a glittering celebrity-studded audience gave Miss Neway, the twenty-seven-year-old soprano, Mr. Gian-Carlo Menotti, and the cast a tremendous ovation.

Sydney's Jubilee Carnival

STREET PROCESSIONS AND HARBOUR ILLUMINATIONS

In January 1901 the Commonwealth of Australia came into being, and the States were united into a great federation which now, fifty years later, is on the way to becoming a formidable Pacific power. January 29 was set aside for the official celebration of this jubilee throughout the Commonwealth, but cyclones in the north-east, in Queensland, and bush fires in the south, in Tasmania and South Australia, robbed the occasion of much of its care-free gaiety. Even in Sydney, where the spirit of carnival was abroad, the 300,000 people who applauded the great jubilee procession produced a chorus of sustained booing as they watched the tableaux depicting progress in electricity and gas. In Sydney these days power cuts are frequent because of the big coal shortage, and the use of gas has to be restricted for the same reason. The most spectacular event in Sydney was the Venetian Carnival in the harbour, a truly magnificent display which brought young and old flocking to the shores of Port Jackson. Perhaps those who had the best view were the dwellers on the heights of North Sydney whose homes look out across the harbour to the Circular Quay where warships of the Empire, brilliantly illuminated, provided a centre-piece for the whole display.

ILLUMINATIONS IN SYDNEY HARBOUR ON THE NIGHT OF JUBILEE DAY: Warships of the Australian Navy, and other craft, illuminated; also the outlines of the cantilever bridge linking the north and south shores near the Circular Quay. During the evening tens of thousands of people lined the harbour to watch a Venetian Carnival, and the celebrations continued until a late hour.

THE BAND OF H.M.A.S. "AUSTRALIA" LEADS THE SERVICE CONTINGENTS THROUGH THE STREETS OF SYDNEY: It was a day of brilliant sunshine, although a fierce wind blew in from the harbour, and the population lined the streets to see the great pageant of Commonwealth. It was when the tableaux depicting progress in electricity and gas came by that people booed the procession with much vigour.

WARSHIPS GATHERED NEAR CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY HARBOUR, FOR THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: In the background on the left is the Australian warship H.M.A.S. *Australia* with the New Zealand warship *Bellona* (centre background) and the Pakistanian warships *Sind* and *Shamsher* berthed together (right background). In the foreground is the *Rajput*, of the Indian Navy, and the Australian ship *Transvaal*.

EUROPEAN INFLUENCES 10,000 MILES ACROSS THE WORLD: *Left*—Some of the "New Australians," post-war immigrants in national costumes, parading through Sydney during the carnival. Greece, the Netherlands, Austria and the Baltic lands have all sent new immigrants, and Australia now has an intake of about 200,000 Europeans a year. *Right*—The Venetian Carnival in progress in the harbour, with the night sky made brilliant by a whole series of rockets bursting simultaneously.

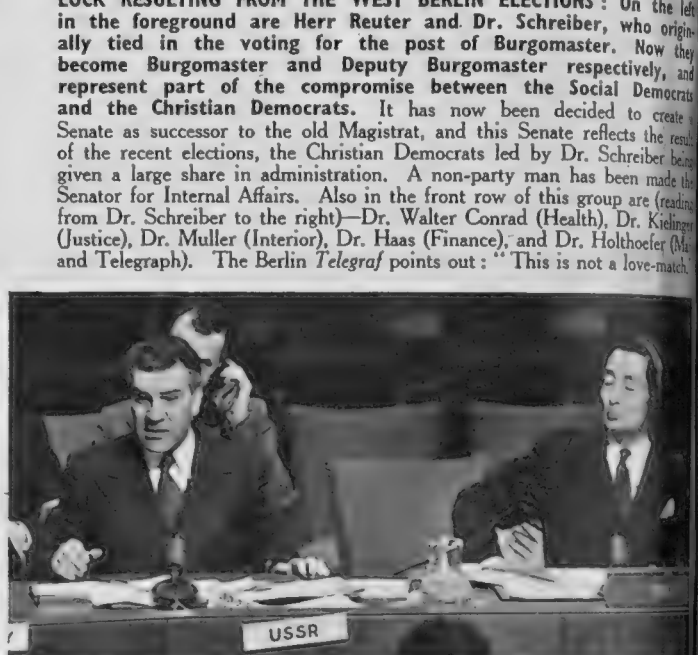
RANGING THE WORLD FOR HEADLINED NEWS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS ABROAD

TWENTY-NINE GERMANS EMERGE TO FREEDOM FROM THE PORTALS OF LANDSBERG GAOL, IN BAVARIA: The arms kings, politicians and generals being greeted by relatives and members of the Press as they left prison after their sentences had been reduced by the American High Commissioner. Four prisoners in ill-health were also released, making the total thirty-three. Among the soldiers was the former Major-General Wilhelm Speidel, who was serving twenty years' imprisonment for his part in the shooting of hostages and the execution of Jews and gypsies in South-East Europe. He is a brother of the former Lieut.-General Hans Speidel, a member of the German delegation that is now negotiating with the Allies on matters of defence. Framed in the doorway of Landsberg in this picture is Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the present head of the Krupp family. He was greeted with flowers and a stack of telegrams, and escorted to the nearest hotel for a champagne breakfast. Altogether, nine directors of Krupps were released from gaol. Also set free was Graf von Lutz Schwerin-Krosigh, for many years Finance Minister in the Third Reich, who had been serving a ten-year prison sentence.

MUCH ADO ABOUT A GERMAN VILLAGE: The children of West Staaken (which was recently taken over by the Russians and included in their sector of Berlin after previously being in the Spandau municipal administration in the British Sector) waiting to enter a bus to take them to school in the British Sector. Since the Soviet Sector claimed the village, introducing East-marks, East German rationing and Communist teachers, this school bus service has been running, as the German mothers want their children to receive their lessons in the British Sector. Major-General G. K. Bourne, the British Commandant in Berlin, took up the matter of West Staaken's status after the inhabitants addressed an open letter to him asking for his intervention and support. In a note to Mr. Dengin, the head of the Soviet Control Commission, Major-General Bourne has recalled that although the Control Council agreement of August 1945 excluded the district from the British Sector, its inhabitants had continued to be administered by the Spandau council under which they had come since the formation of Greater Berlin in 1920. It is fully realised, said General Bourne, that for occupational purposes West Staaken is under Soviet control, but the area is ten miles from East Berlin and will be cut off from that sector.

"NOT A LOVE-MATCH"—THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW COALITION ADMINISTRATION WHICH HAS BEEN SET UP FOLLOWING THE DEADLOCK RESULTING FROM THE WEST BERLIN ELECTIONS: On the left in the foreground are Herr Reuter and Dr. Schreiber, who originally tied in the voting for the post of Burgomaster. Now they become Burgomaster and Deputy Burgomaster respectively, and represent part of the compromise between the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats. It has now been decided to create a Senate as successor to the old Magistrat, and this Senate reflects the result of the recent elections, the Christian Democrats led by Dr. Schreiber being given a large share in administration. A non-party man has been made the Senator for Internal Affairs. Also in the front row of this group are (reading from Dr. Schreiber to the right)—Dr. Walter Conrad (Health), Dr. Kielinger (Justice), Dr. Muller (Interior), Dr. Haas (Finance), and Dr. Holthoefer (Ma and Telegraph). The Berlin *Telegraf* points out: "This is not a love-match.



THEY SAW THE LAST BARRIER TO UNITED NATIONS CONDEMNATION O CHINA REMOVED: Mr. Semyon K. Tsarapkin, of Soviet Russia, and Mr. Ben C. Limb, of the Republic of Korea, seated side by side at a meeting of the Security Council at Lake Success when delegates voted unanimously to strike the question of Korea off the agenda. This cleared the way for America's condemnation resolution on China when it subsequently came before the General Assembly. After America had had her way, the Political Committee of U.N., far from gaining any respite after its recent strenuous endeavours, turned its attention to the Soviet charges of aggression against the United States, consideration of which was postponed last November. Mr. Tsarapkin, the Soviet delegate, urged that since the Assembly had returned a finding of aggression against the Peking Government it could not now ignore the facts of American aggression against China.

MR. GORDON WALKER AT SEROWE: The Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations is seen (*above*) addressing a mass meeting of Bamangwato tribesmen in which he gave a pledge that the Government would review, at the end of five years, the whole question of the dispute which led to the banishment of Seretse Khama, the chief of the Bamangwato. *On left*—Mr. Gordon Walker acknowledging greetings as he left the meeting. The Secretary of State's visit to Bechuanaland took place during crisis week in the House of Commons, but Mr. Gordon Walker did not have to be recalled for the vital voting on steel and meat, as he was paired off with a Conservative following an agreement between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill. While in Serowe Mr. Gordon Walker let it be known that the British Government will be making a big effort to develop the territory during the period the Bamangwato chieftaincy was in abeyance.

THE TRADITIONAL PARDON OF THE SEA AT THE PORT OF FÉCAMP, NORMANDY: The fishermen took part in the ceremony before leaving for their six-month cod-fishing expedition off the coast of Nova Scotia, along the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. *On left*—Normandy fishermen wending their way through the streets of Fécamp bearing figures of the Virgin Mary and models of ships, placed in the parish church by grateful sailors rescued at sea. *On right*—The scene at the dockside during the blessing of the ships. Several priests are seen together in one of the boats, while the crucifer takes up his position in the bows. During the ceremony town officials and sightseers ranged themselves along the decks of other boats.

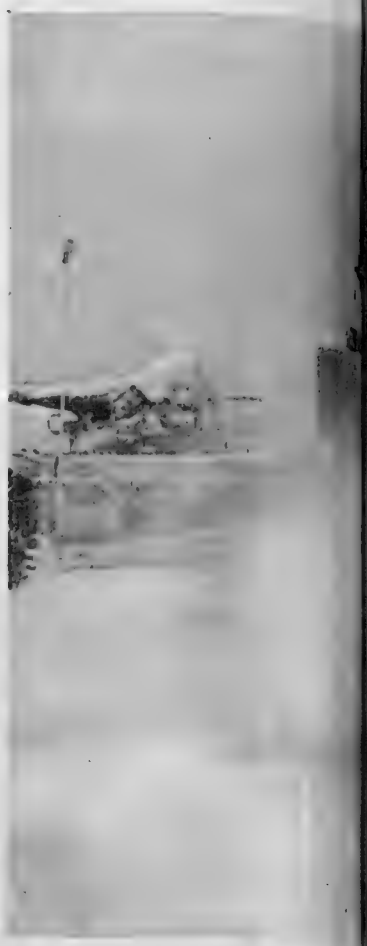
LAVA FROM MOUNT LAMINGTON—THE LAYER OF PUMICE ON THE SLOPES OF THE VOLCANIC PEAK IN THE OWEN STANLEY RANGE OF NEW GUINEA: The first of the series of eruptions occurred on January 18. The first eruption blew 2,000 ft. off the top of the mountain and destroyed virtually all vegetation within a range of eight miles. A number of native villages were razed and their populations wiped out, the casualties being estimated at between 4,000 and 5,000. It is feared that thirty-four missing Europeans have lost their lives and estimated that 400 people died at Higaturu, a village situated six miles from the volcano. The rescue parties operating in the area were in constant danger as the smoke and flames continued to belch forth from the crater of Mount Lamington. The Government volcanologist, examined the crater from the air.

THE IDLE RAIL-YARD AT NEW JERSEY CITY—AN OUTCOME OF THE U.S. RAILWAY STRIKE: Included in the delayed cargoes are tanks due for shipment to the armed forces overseas. The strike began with the "walk-out" and the reporting "sick" of the switchmen. The switchmen are members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, which has been negotiating for almost two years with the nation's railroads for a forty-four-hour week, with forty-eight-hours pay for its yard employees. Several main-line stations were forced to curtail services, while from major industrial centres came reports of slowed output owing to the holding-up of freight traffic. In a broadcast to the rail strikers, Mr. Wilson, Director of Defence Mobilisation, said that the strike was a "terrible thing" which was paralysing the country when it was in the greatest danger in its history.

THE INAUGURATION OF GETULIO D. VARGAS AS BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT: The new President (left) seen during the ceremony at Rio de Janeiro at which he took the oath to the Constitution. Senhor Vargas won the Presidency after a free vote of the nation, and he succeeds General Eurica Gaspar Dutra. In 1930, it may be remembered, Vargas seized the Presidency by force, and he held power without an election for fifteen years. Last week, on taking the oath and receiving the sash of office, in the presence of no fewer than fifty-two special diplomatic missions, General Vargas pledged that he would fight to bring down the cost of living, and this would be the primary aim of his domestic policy. In foreign affairs he pledged co-operation with the United States, but at a subsequent Press conference did not withdraw the statement, which he made a year ago, to the effect that his downfall in 1945 had been due to the influence of Adolf Berle, Jnr., then United States Ambassador and a U.S. Assistant Secretary.

ROBERT NEWTON ARRIVES IN NEW YORK, WHITHER HE FLEW ACCOMPANIED BY HIS THREE-MONTHS-OLD SON NICHOLAS: The forty-five-year-old British actor declared that he brought the baby along with him for the benefit of the Californian sunshine. From her bed in a London nursing home Mrs. Newton, the actor's thirty-year-old third wife, said that the baby had left England without her knowledge. In an interview Mrs. Newton declared: "I am a sick woman or my baby would not be flying to New York. We have been unhappy for some time, and I have been ill since my baby was born three-and-a-half months ago. A month ago I had a nervous breakdown and arrived here on Monday. My husband 'phoned me on Thursday and said he was taking the baby out to buy him some clothes. Because of our domestic difficulties, I began to be worried. Nannie, Miss Daley, 'phoned me from our home and I asked her if she would bring Nicholas to see me to-day. When Nicholas did not arrive I began to worry." Mr. Newton has stated he intends to return soon to England with his son.

THE SUPREME COMMANDER MAKES A FRONT-LINE INSPECTION NORTH OF SUWON: General MacArthur, on one of his flying visits to the Korean front lines, travelling in a jeep with his Ground Commander, Lieut.-General Matthew Ridgway (left), who is seated next to MacArthur's pilot and aide, Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Story. The Supreme Commander witnessed a local advance by United States infantry against Chinese troops, who were dug in on a forty-mile line stretching from just south of Seoul on the west, along the southern bank of the Han River and up to the central mountain spine. Lieut.-General Ridgway, it will be seen in this picture, carries a hand-grenade on his chest harness, as in this sort of country it is always possible that Chinese will erupt from ditches and caves in the hillsides. As one United States war correspondent has stated, "there are no holds barred in the kind of fighting that has been going on south of Seoul."



DEAD END FOR A RUSSIAN TANK: This collapsed Korean bridge effectively ended the travels of a Russian-built T 34 on the western front in Korea, just south of Seoul. The bridge was brought down by dynamite just at the moment when the tank was about to reach the south bank of the river.

KOREA: THE BATTLE OF POSITION TO THE SOUTH OF SEOUL

MACARTHUR VISITS THE FRONT LINES AND WATCHES AN INFANTRY DRIVE LAUNCHED FROM THE AREA OF SUWON

On left—GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY AND HIS TEAM IN SOUTH KOREA: The Commander of the Ground Forces of the United Nations seen with his subordinate commanders at a conference held on an allied airfield. Left to right—General Paik (Commander of the forces of the Republic of Korea), Brigadier-General Van Brunt (Chief of Staff, 1st Corps), Brigadier Brady (2nd Commonwealth Brigade), Major-General Milburn (1st Corps Commander), Lieut.-General Ridgway, Major-General Kean (commanding 25th Division), Major-General Soule (commanding Third Division), and General Tahrin Yazici (commanding the Turkish forces). On the right of the group is a Turkish interpreter.

ASPECTS OF THE WAR ON SEA AND THE WAR ON LAND IN THE FAR EAST: *Left*—A snow-plough used in clearing the flight-deck of an escort carrier operating off the coast of Korea. The plough consists of a stiff circular brush, which is placed at an angle to the tractor which drives it forward along the deck. *Right*—A Korean observer watching operations from the crow's-nest built in the roof of a house, somewhere south of Seoul. The observation-post is not used for artillery work.

BRIDGEHEAD OPERATIONS—A TANK GUARDS THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS IN SOUTH KOREA: It stands at the entrance to a tunnel through mountainous country on the railway between Suwon and Taegu. The members of the tank crew have built themselves a bivouac beside the tank and have clearly set themselves down for a long stay. Day and night trains thunder north on this route, bringing vital supplies to the United Nations armies probing north in the direction of Seoul.

THE GROWING THREAT TO THE GONDOLIERS—A MOTOR-BOAT LOADED WITH PASSENGERS PASSES AN EMPTY GONDOLA ON GRAND CANAL, VENICE: With the increased number of motor-boats now plying for hire on the waterways of Venice the gondola is in danger of dying out. A motor-boat can carry from fourteen to eighteen persons. A gondola can hold a maximum of six persons. The gondola has a speed of one mile an hour, and the motor-boat runs at seven miles an hour.

IDLE GONDOLAS

GONDOLIERS LOSE BUSINESS BECAUSE OF THE MOTOR-BOATS PLYING THE WATERWAYS OF VENICE

Reports from Venice say that under the threat of the motor-boat the gondola is in danger of dying out. Sixty years ago the same danger appeared with the introduction of the first motorised transport, when a service of steamers began to run in competition with the gondola, thus bringing the number of gondolas in Venice from 2,000 down to 300. To-day that danger is on an even greater scale, as witness the pictures on this page. Many gondoliers are now forced to spend their day waiting for a casual customer who prefers to pay a higher fare for a leisurely trip through the canals. The motor-boat, however, is capable of speeding the business-man to the railway station at more or less any hour of the day. The tourist, too, has found the motor-boat more economical for his short visit to Venice. Within a few hours a motor-boat is able to carry out a programme which includes visits to Murano, Torcello, and a tour of the city along the canals. There are even facilities for travel agencies to book these motor-boat trips in advance—a facility the gondoliers lack.

THE IDLE GONDOLIERS PASS THEIR TIME IN CONVERSATION ON THE QUAYSIDE: It costs ten lire to cross the canal by gondola, but no gondolier wants to do this service. They say the tariff is too low, and it is just not worth their while. They have recently been on strike.

A GONDOLIER TAKES A REST: In 1948 the gondoliers were up in arms against the use of water-skis on the canals. They held a meeting and declared they would sink any water-skis rented to tourists.

FOR EVERY TWO GONDOLAS WAITING FOR CLIENTS THERE ARE AT LEAST FOUR MOTOR-BOATS: The gondola still remains a prime attraction for the romantically-minded visitor, but the time is not far away when the gondola will appear only on certain historical occasions.

OFF THE STOCKS AND FROM THE FACTORY

A New Survey Vessel For Pakistan ; A New Caravan For Ethiopia ; And a New Fishing Boat For Greece

BUILT IN ENGLAND TO THE ORDER OF THE PAKISTAN GOVERNMENT—THE ALUMINIUM LAUNCH "AIN-AL-BAHR," WHICH IS TO BE USED FOR THE SURVEY OF THE NEW PORT OF CHALNA, NEAR CHITTAGONG : The new 60-ft. survey vessel was built at Bideford, Devon, by Grimston Astor Ltd. Built of marine light alloys supplied by the British Aluminium Co., her cost was considerably less than that of a Pakistan teak vessel which has been built to fulfil the same requirements. The method of construction used in *Ain-Al-Bahr* ("Eyes of the Ocean") is a patent of the builders' known as "Two-Way-Tension." With the use of marine light alloys they have been able to utilise more space in the craft for the accommodation of the crew. In the picture on the left the vessel is seen moving smoothly down the River Torridge at over 13 knots. During her acceptance trials the *Ain-Al-Bahr* recorded a mean speed of 13·46 knots, thus exceeding her contract speed by 1½ knots. She is also capable of turning in 1¼ lengths. She has a displacement of less than 12 tons and is driven by twin diesels of 65 b.h.p. each. Although built for estuary duties, the launch carries fuel for 1,500 miles.

AN AMERICAN-BUILT CARAVAN FOR THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA : *On left*—The Emperor's travelling home which has been built by the Boyertown Auto-Body Works, Pennsylvania. *On right*—An interior view of the front part of the travelling home. The caravan will be used by the Emperor and his son in their forthcoming tour of the provinces of Ethiopia and for hunting in the bush. The caravan was to be taken by sea to Djibouti, French Somaliland, and thence by an overland route to Addis Ababa. The caravan contains a bed, toilette, wardrobe, kitchen sink, water tank, gas range, and hunting and fishing equipment.

A GREEK FISHING-BOAT BUILT WITH THE AID OF AMERICAN MONEY—THE LAUNCH OF THE "AGHIOS HARALAMBOS" : This new 72-ft. trawler has been built by Constantinos Tsingounis and Panayotis Gournias, of Vatica, in the Peloponnesus, with the help of a loan from the Marshall Aid Plan. With this aid from the E.C.A., Greek fishermen have been able to build many fishing-craft during the past two years, consequently raising the production of the industry. During the past year alone more than 100,000,000 lb. of fish were taken from the waters surrounding Greece. The new fishing-boats financed by the Marshall Plan are larger and have more powerful engines. For the first time Greek fishermen have been able to build their own fishing-craft on a large scale, putting into them the ideas they long have known but lacked money to try out. The new *Aghios Haralambos* has better crew conditions and a depth-recorder chart for charting the fishing banks.

THE ITALIAN INVENTOR CALLS THIS JET-PROPELLED TORPEDO "WATER'S Y 2"—PIO MARIANI, OF MILAN, AND HIS P.M.I, WHICH IS NOW BEING STUDIED BY THE ITALIAN DEFENCE MINISTRY : Pio Mariani's claim is that the secret fuel driving the double-barreled torpedo will convert sea-water into vapour, which is ejected from the stern to form the drive. The torpedoes contain the explosive while the jet mechanism is located between the two tubes. The torpedo does not need any special launching system. The jets operate through the burning of chemical substances developing 800 degrees Centigrade of heat and which decompose sea (or lake) water immediately. Sea-water entering from the fore-part of the mechanism is expelled with extreme violence from the rear. Mariani said he could not yet calculate the speed of his torpedo. The torpedo navigates in half-immersion, thus enabling it to "jump over barrages and other obstacles." Mariani claims the torpedo's secret chemicals make the patent valuable. The rest is of easy construction. Mariani has also invented an egg-shaped tank.

Among the Natives of Stricken New Guinea

THE PEOPLE FORGATHER IN FORCE AT ONE OF THEIR WEEKLY MARKETS

One of the most terrible volcanic disasters of modern times, which has brought desolation, suffering and bereavement over hundreds of square miles in New Guinea, once again focusses attention on that far-off territory which Australia administers under the International Trusteeship system.

The pictures on these pages deal with typical market-day scenes in New Britain, part of the New Guinea territory which was the scene of bitter fighting during the Second World War. It is a few hundred miles to the north of the stricken Mount Lamington area, in the Owen Stanley range, but is very similar in aspect, as it is, too, of volcanic origin.

Saturday is market day for the natives of New Guinea as it is in most other places. The people come from miles around Lae and Rabaul to the Bung—a kind of Paddy's market where you can buy anything from a pineapple to a live witchetty grub or turtle. At the market they sell their goods, buy their foodstuffs and see their friends just the same as women do all over the world. It's the natives' only chance of a social meeting with members of other tribes.

Natives start arriving at 8.30 in the morning, spread their goods out on the grass of the clearing provided by the New Guinea Administration and squat beside them. Most of them don't bother about the shed or the benches provided for displaying their goods. They would rather be out in the open. As the salesmen squat beside their goods waiting for customers they smoke long newspaper cigarettes or

THE AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION LABEL IT "NATIVE MARKET," BUT TO THE NATIVE FOLK THIS IS THE BUNG, WHERE THEY COME IN THEIR HUNDREDS TO BUY AND SELL, AND TO EXCHANGE THE GOSSIP OF THE DAY: This market is near Lae, but wherever you go in this volcanic land these markets are becoming a feature of the social life of the people, having been instituted by the Australian Administration to promote inter-tribal friendliness. Just at this moment New Guinea lies stricken following the devastating blows dealt by the eruption of Mount Lamington—an eruption which has caused appalling loss of life among the simple, superstitious native people, who more than ever look up at the mountain-tops with awe and dread.

A HOUSEWIFE COMES TO MARKET: On her back, and suspended from her head, is a netting bag in which she carries the goods she has to sell and in which she will later put her purchases. On her shoulder she carries her son.

A YOUNG MAN WITH GOODS TO SELL AND ANOTHER WITH TIME TO IDLE: *Left*—This salesman offers his customers dishes of sea food. He is a muscular type, healthier than most of the islanders of New Guinea, and his big display of goods indicates that he is a trader of some substance. *Right*—A young blood out for the day. He smokes a cigarette, which flames prodigiously at the end, and carries a spray of betel nut in the folds of his loin-cloth. On his arm he wears a plaited purse.

ALTHOUGH THE AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION PROVIDES A SHED FOR THOSE WHO BRING THEIR PRODUCE TO MARKET, THE NATIVES PREFER TO LAY THEIR GOODS ON THE GROUND: This picture was taken in the heat of the day, when the market had thinned out somewhat and the natives were inclined to gather beneath the shade of the trees.

chew betel nut. Every few minutes they stop chewing to spit the red mixture through equally red teeth. A little while after the market opens most of the customers are walking around in red spittle and chewed-up betel nut.

In a few hours about 1,000 natives pass through the Bung. The market is colourful and noisy, but there is no haggling. Salesmen have definite prices and can't be beaten down. Natives do their shopping, then retire into a corner in the shade to look over their purchases.

Natives arrive on foot and by native canoe from the villages farther along the coast. Some of them walk for a day and a half to get to the market. Most of the natives who pass through walk at least five or six miles. Women arrive with their shopping bags slung over their shoulders or suspended on the tops of their heads. They carry their babies on their backs or slung in front of them. Most of them wear gay-coloured shirts hanging down over their lap-laps, but this is for show, not modesty. If it gets too hot they take their shirts off. Others beat the heat by carrying bright-coloured umbrellas.

Occasionally, Europeans around Lae do their shopping at the Bung, where goods are cheaper than in the shops. Their purchases are usually confined to vegetables and fruit.

The Bung began in a small way during the war. It did not become popular until a few years ago. The market is encouraged by the Administration because it enables natives to meet, socially, members of other tribes they would never see otherwise, and keeps the natives friendly with each other. Tribes who once had intercourse with each other only when they were at war, now share the same market. District officers supervise proceedings and make sure that natives keep their goods clean and fresh.

Natives are paid from 15s. a month by plantation owners, but the employer has to find accommodation, clothing and a fixed scale of rations. It costs about 25s. a week to feed a boy, as all labourers are called, on the coast; £2 a week inland. Though the rate of pay seems small, native labour is far from cheap. It takes seven boys to equal the work of one white labourer. Put it another way, it costs a minimum of £10 a week to hire the equivalent of a white man's work. Under the Labour Government natives could be indentured for a maximum of one year at a time. The Menzies Government has since replaced this system with an arrangement for longer civil contracts.

A CUSTOMER SHOWS HER INTEREST IN SOME LIVE TURTLES: Both young turtles and witchetty grubs, which are also seen displayed on the market stall, are regarded by the New Guinea natives as great delicacies. Occasionally, Europeans from Lae and Rabaul visit the native market, because prices are much cheaper than in the town.

Cairo's City of the Dead

THE BURIAL-GROUND WHICH MIGHT BE MISTAKEN FOR A QUIET SUBURB

At the foot of the Mokattam Hills, just outside Cairo, stands a town of several hundred houses, that might well be taken for a suburb of the Egyptian capital. But it is no ordinary town. The doors of the houses are rarely opened; the windows remain permanently covered by drawn blinds; only now and then is an occasional lonely figure seen in the streets. The place is silent, with a silence that can almost be felt.

But it is inhabited—inhabited by long-dead generations of Cairo citizens laid to rest there. It is an immense Muhammadan cemetery, dating from the Middle Ages, and housing the dead of many centuries. Mighty Caliphs and Mameluke chieftains; pashas and beys; noblemen and plain citizens lie here in imposing houses that in reality are mausoleums and family burial-places. In outward appearance, the houses are no different from those everywhere else; many are several storeys high, and some are fully furnished. Those who can afford it, furnish their family burial-house comfortably and well—in fact, its furnishings may be considerably more luxurious than those of their own "living" home! Such houses are, of course, carefully swept and cleaned at intervals; nothing is left to moulder away.

The reason for this lies mainly in the Muhammadan belief that the souls of the departed must continue dwelling on earth for a time, before being admitted into Paradise; and it is the duty of every family to maintain a dwelling for the use of its departed members during this period. Another reason is, of course, the desire (common to many people of all nations and religions) to treat the dead with considerably greater honour and respect than the living.

The actual graves are in the big open-air courtyard that is an integral part of every Arab house—usually in raised tombs, on which are erected two upright marble tombstones, with the names and particulars of the deceased.

In the streets of Cairo, amid the bustle of modern traffic, one sometimes sees a square tent standing for a day, after which it is removed. It is a temporary mortuary-chapel, to receive the remains of some prominent Muhammadan citizen recently deceased. Here the body lies in state—though for obvious reasons, in the hot Egyptian climate, this can only be for an hour or so at most, while the family and friends assemble in the tent for the funeral procession to the mosque; in which, however, only men take part. On arrival at the City of the Dead after the service, a goat or calf is killed as part of the interment ceremony.

CAIRO'S CITY OF THE DEAD SEEN FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS: Viewed from this distance it might be a quiet suburb of the great city. It is a town, however, of drawn blinds and locked houses, and here, according to Muhammadan belief, the souls of the departed rest awhile before continuing the journey to Paradise. The City of the Dead lies at the foot of the Mokattam Hills, part of a vast range of limestone.

THE FUNERAL OF A WELL-TO-DO CITIZEN IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO: *Above*—The draped coffin being borne to the mosque, where a brief funeral service takes place before interment in the City of the Dead. *On right*—An overhead view of the procession, in which only men participate. Of the men themselves, only practising Muhammadans who are blood relatives or friends of the deceased may enter the mosque.

A CITY BATHED IN SUNSHINE AND WRAPPED IN ETERNAL SILENCE: Cairo's City of the Dead seen from a neighbouring hillside which helps to shroud it from the outer world. The larger buildings with mosque-like domes are the burial-places of the great and/or rich. Within, the buildings are kept scrupulously tidy, and they are often better furnished than the homes of living members of the families concerned. They are never allowed to deteriorate.

THE SCORCHED EARTH ON THE ATOMIC TEST SITE 70 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LAS VEGAS, NEVADA: This aerial view shows two distinct white areas, like lakes, in the desolate tract of 5,000 square miles constituting the Air Force Bombing and Gunnery Range in Nevada. It is here that two of the recent explosions took place when the United States Atomic Energy Commission carried out its latest experimental nuclear detonations.

As far as anyone knew there had been a total of nine man-made atomic blasts up to the end of 1950. They were Alamagordo, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Bikini (two), Eniwetok (three) and one in Soviet Russia. On January 27, 1951, residents within 100 miles radius of a spot in Southern Nevada, near Las Vegas, were awakened at daybreak by the bright glare and the booming concussion of the tenth atomic explosion. There were repeat performances on the following Sunday, Thursday and Friday as America's Atomic Energy Commission carried out further experimental detonations on the Air Force Bombing and Gunnery Range in the wilds of Nevada. All the explosions occurred just before six in the morning. First the sky was flooded for an instant with eerie light, and more than a minute later the ground shook, winds whipped about and windows rattled. The strictest secrecy was observed during the tests, and no comment was offered by the Atomic Energy Commission. It was stated in the *New York Times* that the Commission might possibly be testing smaller and more efficient atomic bombs, which would be advantageous in that they could be carried by smaller and faster planes. It was also possible that the Commission was testing a trigger for that most devastating of weapons the hydrogen bomb.

AN EARLY-MORNING ATOMIC BLAST LIGHTS THE NEVADA SKY: This picture was taken in Las Vegas, 70 miles from the scene of the detonation, when the third of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's tests was in progress. The blast occurred at 5.46 a.m. Pacific Standard Time, causing a grey-green light in the sky devoid of any red tones. In Las Vegas the glare lit up the interiors of homes, and the blast rattled doors and windows.

THE ATOMIC BOMB TESTS AMID THE NEVADA SAGEBUSH

Huge Blasts in the American Deserts proclaim Growing Atomic Power—Tests in a Remote Area Shielded by Mountain Ranges

THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, 300 MILES FROM THE NEVADA PROVING GROUNDS, LIT BY A STRANGE AND EERIE LIGHT AFTER AN ATOMIC DETONATION IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING: Dawn was just lighting the eastern horizon, but the moon and stars were still bright when this nuclear detonation took place. The white lines round the church steeple shown in this picture were made by stars during the interval of the time-exposure necessary for taking the picture.

THE UNITED STATES ESCORT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ARRIVES SAFE AND SOUND IN SAIGON AFTER RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF VIETMINH MORTAR FIRE AS SHE CAME UP THE WINDING SAIGON RIVER FROM THE SEA: The *Windham Bay* anchored at Saigon with a deck-load of forty-four Bearcat fighter planes for delivery to French forces in Indo-China as part of the United States military aid programme in this part of South-East Asia. The *Windham Bay* has a displacement of 6,730 tons.

As she came up the Saigon River from the sea, the U.S.S. *Windham Bay* was attacked by Vietminh guerilla forces operating from a swampy pocket from which they have frequently fired missiles into the Saigon port area. The Vietminh mortars scored no hits on the carrier, and the *Windham Bay*, with her strong escort of armed tugs, proceeded upstream to her destination. Meanwhile French ground forces went in fruitless pursuit of the guerillas. On the same day, when the bars of Saigon were crowded with U.S. sailors on shore leave, guerillas threw hand-grenades into one of the saloons. No Americans were hurt in the attack, but two French Servicemen had to be removed to hospital. The bar where the attack took place was situated two blocks from the Saigon waterfront. On board the *Windham Bay* were not only forty-four Bearcat fighters, but aircraft spares, military equipment and general supplies for the French forces in Indo-China. This was the largest consignment of war material to be received so far from the United States. The total number of American aircraft to reach Saigon to date is 126.

AMERICA GIRDS HERSELF FOR DEFENCE

Aspects of Her Struggle to Re-arm the "Free World"

On left—**GENERAL EISENHOWER IN WASHINGTON AFTER HIS TWENTY-ONE-DAY TOUR OF THE WESTERN EUROPEAN CAPITALS:** The Supreme Commander seen at the Pentagon, Washington, with members of the Standing Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Seated beside General Eisenhower are General Bradley and Air Marshal Lord Tedder. Standing are Vice-Admiral Jerauld Wright, of the U.S., General Paul Ely, of France, and Lieut.-General Alfred M. Gruenther, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff.

AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER OF THE ESSEX CLASS IS PREPARED FOR RE-ENTRY INTO SERVICE: The 33,000-ton *Tarawa* in dry-dock at Brooklyn Navy Yard where she has been refurbished prior to recommissioning. The carrier was launched in 1945, too late to take part in the Pacific War, and was inactivated in 1949. The recommissioning took place on February 3, when the guests of honour were Navy Secretary Matthews and Mrs. Matthews.

THE AMERICAN STRATEGY BOARD FOR WESTERN EUROPE MEETS AT FRANKFURT TO WORK OUT PLANS FOR AN ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL FOUNDATION FOR GENERAL EISENHOWER'S ATLANTIC PACT ARMY: From left to right are—Colonel H. A. Gerhardt, of the High Commissioner's Office, Germany; Mr. Sam Reber, political adviser of the American High Commissioner; Counsellor of the Embassy, Julius Homes, London; Chairman of the Committee of the Atlantic Pact Powers, Ambassador Charles M. Spofford; the American Ambassador in Brussels, Robert D. Murphy; the new American Ambassador in London, Mr. Walter S. Gifford; Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, George W. Perkins, chairman of the Frankfurt Conference; the American High Commissioner for Germany, Mr. John J. McCloy; Chief of the German Department of the American Foreign Office, Henry A. Byroade; the American Ambassador in Moscow, Allan Kirk; the American Ambassador in Paris, David K. Bruce; the American High Commissioner for Austria, W. J. Donelly; Roving Ambassador for the Economic Co-operation Administration, Milton Katz; and H. J. Tasca, of the Economic Co-operation Administration, Paris.

THE FIRST RECOMMISSIONED WARSHIP FROM THE BOSTON GROUP OF THE ATLANTIC RESERVE FLEET: The U.S.S. *Kula Gulf* (ex-*Vermilion Bay*) in a Boston, Massachusetts, dry-dock where she has been refitted for active service with the Fleet. Her recommissioning was arranged for February 15. Standing on right is the ship's executive officer, Commander C. W. Heywood. The *Kula Gulf*, one of the nineteen ships of the Commencement Bay class of Escort Aircraft-Carriers, has a displacement of 12,000 tons.

A WHOLE DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY SEEN ON PARADE AT THE SAME TIME—A SPECTACULAR AERIAL VIEW TAKEN DURING A REVIEW AT CAMP ATTERBURY, INDIANA: Major-General Daniel B. Strickler's 28th Division is seen in review order. On the extreme left is the Divisional band, and thereafter, reading from left to right, are—the 110th Infantry Regiment, the 109th Infantry Regiment, and the 112th Infantry Regiment. The next group is comprised of the 899th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion, the 109th Field Artillery Battalion, the 108th Field Artillery Battalion, the 107th Field Artillery Battalion, and the 229th Field Artillery Battalion. The second group from the right comprises the 628th Heavy Tank Battalion, the 28th Reconnaissance Company, the Engineer Combat Battalion, the 28th Q.M. Company, the 103rd Medical Battalion, and the 728th Ordnance Company. On the right are members of the 28th Military Police, the 28th Signals Company, and the 28th Replacement Company.

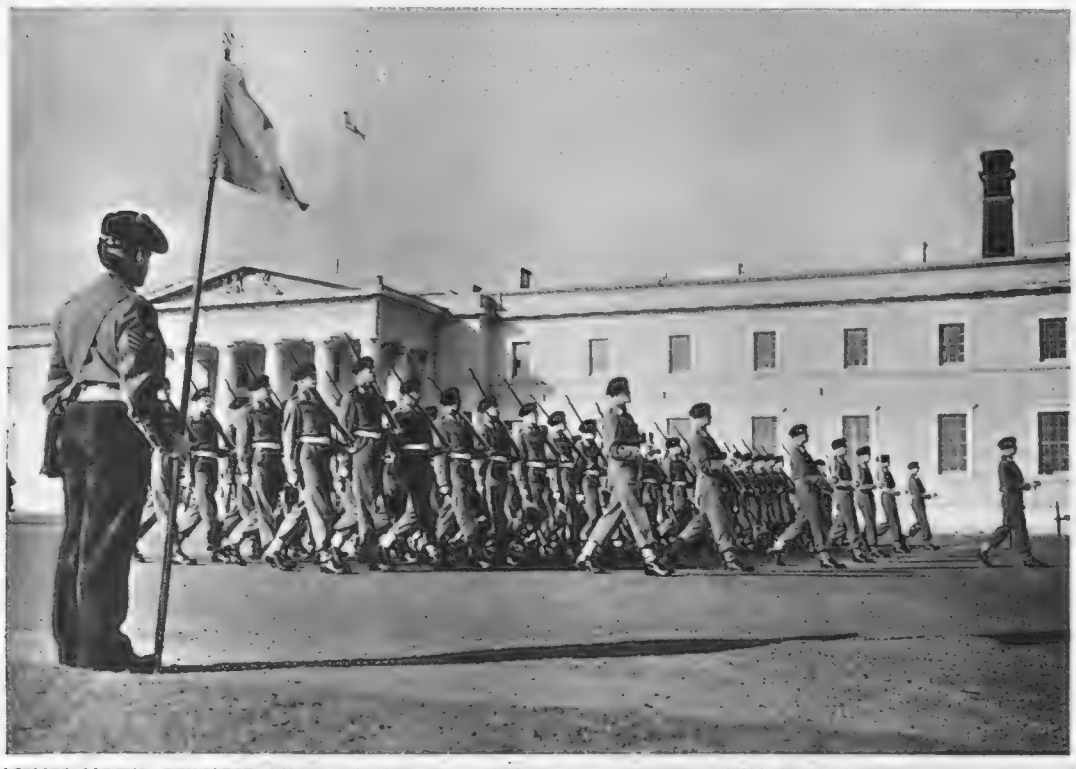
THE U.S. NAVY'S MOST MODERN WARSHIP LEAVES THE STOCKS—THE LAUNCH OF THE 17,000-TON CRUISER "NORTHAMPTON" FROM THE BETHLEHEM STEEL CORPORATION'S YARD, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS: Originally classed and laid down in 1944 as a heavy cruiser, the *Northampton* now emerges as a Task Fleet Command Ship. She has been redesigned in order to accommodate more armament and anti-aircraft power. She will also have more manœuvrability than an ordinary cruiser. The *Northampton* was to have been one of the Oregon City class cruisers. Her displacement would then have been 13,600 tons, with 5-in. guns as main armament.

AMERICAN ACK-ACK GUNNERS ARRIVE IN BRITAIN TO MAN THE DEFENCES AT U.S. AIR FORCE BASES IN THIS COUNTRY: Changing the guard at Horton Barracks, Worcester, where the first battalion to arrive has been undergoing basic training before posting to duty. The gunners are members of the 39th A.-A. Artillery Group, and it is presumed that they will go to such East Anglian bases as Sculthorpe and Marham, where the Superforts are stationed.

Home News in Pictures

FROM THE RAINY SOUTH TO THE SNOW-BOUND NORTH

A Sandhurst Rehearsal—Royal Festival Hall Bookings—The North-western Dock Strike—Ploughing Matches in Scotland



OFFICER-CADETS REHEARSE THEIR PASSING-OUT PARADE AT SANDHURST MILITARY ACADEMY: The final rehearsal of the parade took place two days before the passing-out day. *On left*—The officer-cadets march past during the rehearsal. In the background are the old buildings of the Academy. *On right*—The Adjutant, Major V. F. Erskine-Crum, Scots Guards, mounting the steps leading up to the grand entrance of the old college. This ceremonial, which originated over twenty-five years ago, takes place towards the end of the parade. At the passing-out parade the salute was taken by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, Chief of the Air Staff.

LONDONERS BUY COKE TO BOOST THEIR DWINDLING FUEL SUPPLIES: Men and women wheeling and carrying bags of coke from the Perry Hill Gasworks at Sydenham, in south-east London, where they arrived with prams and hand-carts. Cold weather coincided with the announcement of the diversion of stocks of coal to the power stations, and the subsequent rush for remaining stocks has left London coal merchants woefully short, hence the popularity of coke. Some people have found that using coal-dust and coke is a reasonably satisfactory expedient in the absence of lump coal.

A MASS MEETING AT MANCHESTER DOCKS—THE MEN DECIDE TO JOIN THE DOCK STRIKE IN THE NORTH-WEST: As a result of their action, Manchester Docks were entirely idle in the middle of last week, and the National Dock Labour Board reported on February 5 that 11,516 dock workers were on strike in Liverpool, Birkenhead and Manchester, leaving seventy-three ships idle and thirty undermanned. Efforts to persuade the London dockers to strike were persistent. The strike originally began in Birkenhead, and was in protest against a wage agreement giving the dockers an increase of 11s. for a full working week, with rather more for some piece-workers. The unofficial leaders have been demanding a minimum of 25s. per day, whereas the new minimum is 21s. per day, compared with the previous 19s. In all the north-western towns affected, the trade union leaders did their very utmost to get the unofficial strikers back to work.

A WINTRY SETTING FOR SCOTLAND'S YOUNG PLOUGHMEN: Members of the Portmoak Young Farmers' Club holding their annual ploughing match at Easter Balgedie Farm, near Kinross, in very severe weather conditions. Weather had already caused the match to be postponed from January 13, and at this second attempt a fall of 2 ins. of snow came overnight. In the background of this picture are the snow-covered Lomond Hills. This is the season for ploughing contests in Scotland, one of the biggest of which is the Kirknewton, Currie, Ratho and Mid-Calder Ploughing Association's open competition, which was held a fortnight ago at Bonnington Farm, Ratho, Midlothian. There were no fewer than sixty-two entries.

QUEUEING FOR CONCERT TICKETS OUTSIDE THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: Londoners making bookings at the special booking hall which has been built near the Festival of Britain site on the South Bank. The Royal Festival Hall will be opened by the King on May 3, when he will unveil a commemorative tablet. The inaugural week will continue until May 9 and will include concerts by the London Philharmonic, the London Symphony and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestras, under Sir Adrian Boult, Sir Malcolm Sargent and Toscanini. Famous solo artists will take part.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ANIMAL PAINTERS—THE DUKE OF BEDFORD PERFORMING THE OPENING CEREMONY AT THE COOLING GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON: With the Duke at the opening of the exhibition, organised by *Animal Life*, were Nancy Price and Mr. Peter Shaw Baker. Among the artists whose work was on show were Peter Scott, Lucy Kemp-Welch, Roland Green and Lionel Edwards. The Duke of Bedford is himself a big collector of animal paintings.

THE MERMAID WITHOUT A TAIL: Miss Joyce Taylor posing for Mr. Arthur Fleichmann, the sculptor, who is seen at work on his mermaid without a tail which will be one of the features of the Lockheed Fountain in the Festival of Britain Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park. The mermaid is shown balancing on the shell of a turtle, and surrounding her are three fishes from which water will spray. It will also spray from the mouth of the turtle. The mermaid's creator, Mr. Arthur Fleichmann, who is Czech-born but is now an Australian citizen, thinks that mermaids with fish tails are rather dull. It took him three months to complete the model in clay. Two models posed for the work—twenty-year-old Joyce Taylor, a piano student who lives in a students' hostel in London, and an eighteen-year-old commercial artist who does not want her name to be revealed. The mermaid, says Mr. Fleichmann, bears no marked resemblance to either model. Mr. Fleichmann, who is also a qualified doctor but only practised for three years, left Prague after Hitler annexed Sudetenland. It was then that he emigrated to Australia.

LONDON AS A CENTRE OF THE FUR TRADE: Buyers from all parts of the world crowding the saleroom at Beaver Hall for the auction of Canadian furs by the Hudson's Bay Company. Supplies from Russia, valued at about £1,000,000, were auctioned on the following days. America has been a big buyer of Russian furs, but United States dockers last autumn refused to unload imports from the Soviet Union. This ban has led to a diversion of the trade to London. In the auction rooms there were also skins from South-West Africa, the Americas, Australia, India, China, Scandinavia, Persia and other countries.

ANOTHER LANDMARK IN THE BATTLE AGAINST CRIME IN LONDON: Here are the first of Scotland Yard's motor-cycles (forerunners of an initial fleet of thirty-three to be fitted with two-way wireless telephony) on the occasion of a recent parade at which Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, gave his blessing to the new system of patrolling. These motor-cycles, operating in all parts of London, can call and be called by Information Room, Scotland Yard, over a radius of twenty miles. They can be called individually or as a group. It has taken three years of extensive experimentation to develop the right wireless equipment for motor-cycles. The sets are believed to be the first fitted to police motor-cycles in Europe. Eventually it is hoped to cover most of the police divisions in the Metropolitan area with radio-equipped cycle patrols.

***On left*—A FAMOUS SUBMARINE COMMANDER TAKES OVER A NEW TASK:** Commodore Ben Bryant, D.S.O., D.S.C., inspecting a naval guard of honour at Admiralty House, Plymouth, when he made his official call on the Commander-in-Chief on taking over command of the Royal Naval Barracks, Plymouth. Commander Bryant's name will always be associated with the exploits of *Sealion*, which, in the Norwegian campaign in 1940, sank three German transports and an anti-submarine ship. On one occasion she got among a German convoy outside an enemy naval base, and had her periscope torn away in a collision. *Sealion* stayed for two days in German waters while her crew effected repairs.

***On right*—THE FIRST CONSECRATIONS OF 1951—THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY CEREMONY ON THE FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY:** From left to right are—the Ven. Percy James Brazier, Archdeacon in the Diocese of Uganda, to be Assistant Bishop in that Diocese; the Rev. Sherard Falkner Allison, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, to be Bishop of Chelmsford; the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the Ven. Alfred Stanway, Archdeacon in the Diocese of Mombasa, to be Bishop in Central Tanganyika. Standing in the background is the Archbishop's Chaplain. Twenty-seven other bishops took part in the service, at which the Bishop of London was gospeller, and the Bishop of Norwich epistoler. The address was by the General Secretary, Church Missionary Society.

A DRUNKEN HELPMANN

in the Revival of *The Prospect Before Us; Henry V* at the Old Vic; *Kiss Me, Kate* in Rehearsal; and *As You Like It* in Seattle

SLAPSTICK IN BALLET: Robert Helpmann dances his original role of the theatre manager who gets drunk after going bankrupt, in the Sadler's Wells revival of Ninette de Valois' ballet *The Prospect Before Us*. Robert Helpmann created the role in the original production in 1940. The story of the ballet is of an incident in the life of eighteenth-century dancers and of the conflict between the managers of the King's Theatre and the Pantheon, as recorded by Mr. Eber in his *History of the King's Theatre*. The music is by William Boyce, arranged by Constant Lambert; and the decor and costumes are by Roger Furse after Rowlandson. The above picture shows Helpmann performing a comedy fall in the drunk scene.

"HENRY V" AT THE OLD VIC: The third production of the 1950-51 season of the Old Vic Company came into the repertory at the beginning of February. In the above picture the Dauphin, played by Paul Rogers, is seen on the left, wearing a black skull-cap. In the centre is Mark Dignam as the Duke of Exeter and, on the right, Douglas Wilmer as King Charles the Sixth of France. The scenery and costumes are by Motley. Alec Clunes acts the name-part in *King Henry V* and he also plays Orsino in *Twelfth Night*. *Twelfth Night* and *Bartholomew Fair* are already in the repertory. On March 12 they are joined by Sophocles' *Electra* and Chekov's *The Wedding*; and, on April 16, by Bernard Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*.

HELPMANN RETURNS TO SADLER'S WELLS: *On the left*—Robert Helpmann as Mr. O'Reilly, manager of the Pantheon Theatre, rehearses his drunk scene with David Poole, who dances the part of Mr. Taylor, his rival and manager of the King's Theatre. *On right*—Robert Helpmann with Patricia Miller, the twenty-two-year-old ballerina from South Africa, who dances the part of Cupid in the ballet within a ballet, the production of *The Great Divertissement* at Mr. O'Reilly's Pantheon Theatre.

MUSICAL SHAKESPEARE: Bill Johnson and Patricia Morrison rehearse their parts in *Kiss Me, Kate*, the American musical comedy based on the story of *The Taming of the Shrew*, which opens at the London Coliseum on March 8. Bill Johnson has already won approval in London for his robust performance in *Annie Get Your Gun*. Miss Morrison, whose long tresses were coiled for her rehearsal, wore a quilted "after-ski" jacket against the February cold. She played the part of Kate for seventeen months in New York, where the show was a smash-hit. Sam and Bela Spewack (who wrote *Boy Meets Girl*) are responsible for the book, and the music and lyrics are by Cole Porter. The plot concerns an actor and his former wife, separated while she was in Hollywood, who come together to act in a musical version of Shakespeare's Comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*.

KATHARINE HEPBURN RETURNS TO THE STAGE: The famous film star relaxes in her hotel at Seattle, while touring with a new production of *As You Like It*. Miss Hepburn first appeared on the professional stage in 1928 at Baltimore, and later that year, in New York. She went to Hollywood in 1932. Her successful films include *A Bill of Divorcement*, *Little Women*, and *Quality Street*.

EDWARD ALLCARD AND THE GIRL IN THE GALLEY

A STOWAWAY ABOARD "THE TEMPTRESS" ON ARRIVAL AT CASABLANCA, MOROCCO, INWARD BOUND FROM THE AZORES

THE MAN WHO SAILED ALONE AND THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD: *Left*—Otilio Frayao, who smuggled herself aboard Edward Allcard's yacht, *The Temptress*, at the Azores, seen peeling potatoes in the galley after the yawl's arrival at Casablanca. *Right*—Miss Frayao with a Portuguese Customs official and boarded Edward Allcard before departure from Fayae Island, in the Azores. It was two days after leaving Horta that Skipper Allcard discovered his lovely stowaway aboard *The Temptress*, the vessel in which he has twice sailed the Atlantic alone. By then it was too late to turn back to the port of Horta.

In August 1949 yachtsmen the world over heard with a thrill the news that Edward C. Allcard, who had sailed from Portsmouth in 1948, had succeeded in completing a lone voyage from Gibraltar to New York in his 8-ton yawl *The Temptress*. It was a magnificent piece of seamanship in the face of adverse weather. His adventures included being awash in a gale, being becalmed in blistering heat, and being followed by sharks for a long stretch of the journey. In the autumn of 1950 Mr. Allcard began the return journey across the Atlantic, and again he met the roughest of weather, sustaining a fractured rib before reaching the Azores. There he rested and refitted *The Temptress*, and there apparently the beautiful Otilia Frayao, a young Portuguese poetess with a yen for travel, boarded the yacht as a stowaway. She had previously been aboard with other guests of Mr. Allcard. On arrival at Casablanca Mr. Allcard and Miss Frayao were both interviewed by the Press. Miss Frayao indicated her desire to go to England and to taste adventure. Mr. Allcard made it plain that his intention in future was to search his boat from top to bottom before starting on a voyage. "I intend to remain a solitary navigator," he declared. It seemed perfectly clear, however, that the girl in the galley had made herself very useful en route, not only with the domestic chores but in hoisting and lowering sail and the general routine of keeping an 8-tonner on an even keel. Reports have been contradictory. One daily newspaper has made the definite statement from Casablanca that Mr. Allcard intends to marry the stowaway. During the war Mr. Allcard was a naval architect and he trained naval cadets, but he was denied the active service career he desired so ardently on account of his poor eyesight. He is hoping now to buy a bigger boat and to set out on a world voyage.

DOD OSBORNE IS OFF AGAIN—THE SAILOR WHO EMBLAZONED THE NAME "GIRL PAT" ROUND THE WORLD IN 1936 WHEN HE TOOK THE LITTLE BOAT ON A COAST TRIP AND FINISHED UP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: In this picture, taken in New York in January, Captain Dod Osborne is seen with his companions waving from the deck of the *Argosy* shortly before leaving the East River. He is planning to follow the routes of some of the great explorers of history, and he declares that he will rechart islands which have not been visited by white men for hundreds of years. Miss Phœbe Gantert, who is seen on the quayside, is one of Captain Osborne's companions on the voyage. During the Second World War Dod Osborne was a naval commando, and in 1947, out of his savings as a naval officer, he bought the 40-ton Scottish yawl, *Lovely Lady*. This was one of many ships in which Captain Dod had planned to go "to the hide-outs of the pirates of other days." His first, of course, was the *Girl Pat*, in which he made that voyage of fifteen years ago.

On left—**OFF TO FIND A PIRATE'S TREASURE:** The 65-ft. motor trawler *Rek-Rap* which is being made ready at Rock Channel Shipyard, Rye, Sussex, by Captain Jack Mumford, who is off to seek the fabulous treasure of Captain William Kidd. The expedition is backed by Mr. James Brownlie, manager of the shipyard, and five of his friends. William Kidd, commander of a privateer in the wars of William III, turned pirate during his expedition to Madagascar.

A TRAGIC END TO A FISHING TRIP OFF THE SAN FRANCISCO COAST—A CAPSIZED ARMY TUG IS LIFTED FROM THE WATER: A giant floating crane lifts the ill-fated Army tug T-6 from the water after the partially-submerged vessel had been towed to Fort Mason, the Army transport docks. The craft, carrying seventeen U.S. Air Force officers and men with a crew of three, capsized during a fishing trip off the Golden Gate. Six persons were reported missing.

AN APPRENTICE MEETS WITH STIFF OPPOSITION : An initiate in the Ancient Order of Purbeck Marblers surrounded by old hands whose duty it is to impede his progress as he advances with a quart pot of ale from the Fox Inn to the Town Hall. After this the initiation certificates are presented to apprentices, and then follows the traditional football game.

MARBLERS MEET BENEATH THE WALLS OF HISTORIC CORFE CASTLE : From time immemorial Purbeck stone-workers have met in the shadow of the castle for their Shrove Tuesday ceremony, which marks the right to quarry the famous stone on the isle of Purbeck. The highlight of the marblers' ceremony is the kicking of a football sprinkled with pepper through ancient rights of way. The quarrymen of Purbeck still form a curious kind of trades guild, which would appear to be a survival from the Middle Ages. On Shrove Tuesday this Ancient Order of Purbeck Marblers and Stonecutters begins by holding its annual general meeting. At this meeting the quarrymen fix a common price for the stone from all the quarries in the county. New members of the guild are initiated at a fee of 6s. 8d. if, as is usually the case, they are relatives of guildsmen, or at a fee of £5 6s. 8d. if they are not. During the meeting the initiates are required by ancient custom to cross the road from the Fox Inn to the Town Hall carrying a quart of ale without spilling a drop while about thirty of the initiated quarrymen attempt to prevent them from so doing. Many full bottles of ale are also carried to top-up the half-empty glasses on arrival. After this part of the ceremony has been observed, the meeting is resumed, and certificates are presented to apprentices with four years' service. At the conclusion of the meeting the marblers begin their football game.

PRE-LENTEN JUNKETINGS IN LONDON AND IN TWO ENGLISH VILLAGES

The Olney Pancake Race and the Marblers of Corfe Castle ; The Annual Shrove Tuesday Scramble at Westminster

THE TRADITIONAL ST. IVES FEAST : The successful youth, William Noal, who obtained final possession of the silver ball, is chaired by his fellow-competitors on handing the ball to the Mayor of St. Ives outside the Town Hall. He received in return the award of five shillings. This was the end of the annual hurling contest on February 5. The Mayor started the contest by throwing the silver ball to the crowd, and thereafter the youths of St. Ives tossed it from hand to hand through the streets until the clock struck twelve. As midday approached the fun grew fast and furious.

THE ANNUAL PANCAKE GREAZE AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: As the pancake is tossed into the air a host of clutching hands seek the largest morsel, which this year was obtained by eighteen-year-old Richard Haven, after the usual brief but vigorous contest. The battle took place in the historic setting of "Up School," and was started by the cook who, with a most accurate throw, tossed the pancake over the bar.

ANOTHER NAME TO BE ENGRAVED ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR: Richard Haven, winner of the Pancake Greaze at Westminster School, receiving a guinea-piece from Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster, after his success in "Up School." During the two-minute battle, which is seen in progress in the picture on the left, one boy who got a promising handful of the pancake was pounced upon by others, and most of the competitors remained thereafter in a seething scrum. This year, however, a second scrum also formed, as another boy was seen to take the floor, and thus two separate contingents fought out the battle, which is said to be a rare occurrence. When the prize was awarded to Haven he was escorted from the scene of his prowess in the procession of dignitaries which had originally entered the hall preceded by the macebearer and accompanied by cook and pancake. The Headmaster of Westminster told the gathering that the Westminster Pancake Greaze goes back 200 years.

THE STARTER LINES-UP THE COMPETITORS FOR THE SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE AT OLNEY, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: Mr. S. F. Morgan, in scarlet uniform and plumed helmet, uses his pike as he organises the housewives' parade before the annual contest which the ladies run from the pump to the church.

THE WINNER IS IN THE LEAD, BUT THERE IS STILL A LONG WAY TO GO: Mrs. Isabel Dix, a twenty-two-year-old housewife, heading her fellow-competitors through the street at Olney, Bucks, during the Shrove Tuesday pancake race. Mrs. Dix covered the 415-yard course from the village pump to the church door in 1 min. 12·1 secs., which was a fraction of a second slower than last year's time.

In 1949, after a lapse of ten years, the Vicar of Olney revived the celebrated pancake race, a Shrove Tuesday custom which has persisted in this Buckinghamshire village for five centuries. In that year there were fifteen starters, and thirty-three-year-old Nellie Bosworth came up on the post to beat her nineteen-year-old rival, Dorothy Pipes. In 1950 the Olney race attained international aspect, when a similar Shrove Tuesday race was organised in the town of Liberal, Kansas. Times were compared by transatlantic telephone, and afterwards a trophy was awarded to Olney. This year Olney again triumphed over Liberal, when Mrs. Isabel Dix made the 415 yards run in 2·4 seconds better time than that achieved by the winner in America. There were thirty competitors at Olney this year, and people came from near and far to see the contestants warning of the time to fry their pancakes and the time to assemble by the pump in the market-square for the start. At the third bell the competitors started off along the quarter-of-a-mile route to the church. The rule is that they must toss their pancakes twice on the way down the road, and once as they run down the path to the church door. Mrs. Dix, who had not trained for the contest, took the pancake-tossing in her stride, and on arrival at the church was given the kiss of peace by the verger

MRS. DORIS LENTON LEADS THE BACK DIVISION: Mrs. Lenton, with an outsize in frying-pans and a picturesque cook's costume, seen tossing her pancake in the course of the race.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF OLNEY: *Left*—Mr. William Mynard, the verger, implants a chaste kiss upon the cheek of Mrs. Isabel Dix after she had brought her pancake to the church door in swift time. *Right*—While the thirty contestants in the race took part in the service after their stampede through the streets, the pans and the pancakes were laid at the foot of the font to await collection.

An Appeal for KEATS HOUSE IN HAMPSTEAD

A Discovery in Canterbury Cathedral; and a New Canterbury Theatre

The house in Keats Grove, where the poet, John Keats, lived from December 1818 until September 1820 (a few months before his death), was built in 1816. Although popularly known as Keats House, its original name of Wentworth Place has now been restored. In the same month that Keats went to live there, he became engaged to Fanny Brawne; and there he wrote "The Eve of St. Mark," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," part of "Lamia," and the ode, "On a Grecian Urn." It is believed that the first draft of the famous ode was written under the old mulberry tree which still stands in the grounds.

Keats House was purchased by public subscription and handed over to the Hampstead Borough Council in 1925, and it is maintained as a permanent memorial to the poet. The house, and the museum adjoining it, contain a valuable collection of relics of Keats and his circle, including some of his letters, books from his own library, portraits and other material. There is also a special library of nineteenth-century literature for the use of students and others. Admission is free to the Memorial, which is open each day during the winter from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; from April to September the hours are 10 a.m. to dusk.

Because of the age of the house, the structure has deteriorated, and there has also been war damage. The custodians of the house (the Hampstead Borough Council) are anxious to restore it and in doing so to fulfil more completely than before the intention of the original donors—that it should be put as far as possible into the state in which it was known by Keats.

The scheme includes the redecoration of the whole house in a style appropriate to its period, the furnishing of the rooms with a minimum of appropriate furniture, and improvements in the central heating and lighting systems. It is also proposed to restore the Chester drawing-room, which suffered considerable war damage, and there to place on view, in specially designed showcases, the more valuable Keats relics, which at present are in the neighbouring public library building. The Chester drawing-room was an early-Victorian addition to the house, and has literary and historical associations of its own. It was erected by Miss Eliza Chester, a well-known actress who also held the Court appointment of "Reader" to George the Fourth.

The Hampstead Council have accepted responsibility for all the structural work involved in the restoration of the house and for its future maintenance. There remains the cost of the interior decorations, the furnishings, and the rearrangement of the Keats collection. The Pilgrim Trustees, certain citizens of Hampstead and others have raised all but the last £1,100 to complete the scheme, and an appeal is being made to Keats lovers to contribute this sum. Contributions should be sent to the Mayor of Hampstead, Mayor's Parlour, Town Hall, London, N.W.3.

KEATS HOUSE, IN KEATS GROVE, HAMPSTEAD: The Hampstead Borough Council is appealing to lovers of the poet to raise £1,100 to add to the £1,400 already obtained for the restoration of the house. Keats lived there from December 1818 to September 1820

WHERE JOHN KEATS WORKED: The sitting-room at Wentworth Place. The Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, near the window, was greatly prized by the poet. The portrait plaque was made by Giuseppe Gironette in Rome.

***On left*—KEATS'S BEDROOM** This room has been enlarged since the poet lived there. On the walls are portraits of Keats's friends, pictures of the Keats Memorial House in Rome, where he died, and reproductions of the Medical Register of Guy's Hospital, where Keats was trained as a student.

DISCOVERIES IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: The Warriors' Chapel, looking towards the East Window, where cleaning has revealed the carved shields of former commanders of the Buffs. These may be seen immediately surrounding the window. The removal of the dust of many decades from the interior of the Warriors' Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral has revealed a series of beautifully carved shields of former commanders of the Buffs (The Royal East Kent Regiment). Among the shields, which surround the East Window, immediately above the tomb of Archbishop Stephen Langton, is one belonging to a forebear of Mr. Winston Churchill, a Colonel Charles Churchill, who was the brother of the first Duke of Marlborough and who fought in many of his brother's famous victories in the Lowlands. Colonel Churchill is particularly venerated in the regiment as having inspired the interest of the Danish Royal House. Prince George of Denmark, to whom he was formerly Gentleman of the Bedchamber, became the Buffs' first Colonel-in-Chief. A precedent was thus created which still prevails, and the holder of this honorary position to-day is King Frederick IX. The Warriors' Chapel replaced a smaller Norman structure, and was built by Lady Margaret Holland, who died in 1439, to house the tombs of herself and her two husbands.

A THEATRE FOR CANTERBURY: The St. Margaret's Street frontage of the Marlowe Theatre, which is being converted from a cinema into a modern theatre. The new Marlowe Theatre is gradually taking shape in an area of bomb-damage at Canterbury and will be the focal-point of all Festival of Britain celebrations in the eastern half of Kent. The building was formerly the Central Cinema and was bought by Canterbury Council for £20,000. Conversions and additions are being carried out at a cost of another £20,000. A new stage is being built, with a bar and dressing-room and, when the theatre is opened on Easter Monday, it will be the most up-to-date in Kent. Every sizeable public hall in Canterbury was destroyed in the 1942 blitz, and it was largely on the initiative of the present Mayor that the Marlowe (named after the Elizabethan playwright, who was born in the city) came to be built.

RESTORED MOSAICS of the GUARDS' CHAPEL

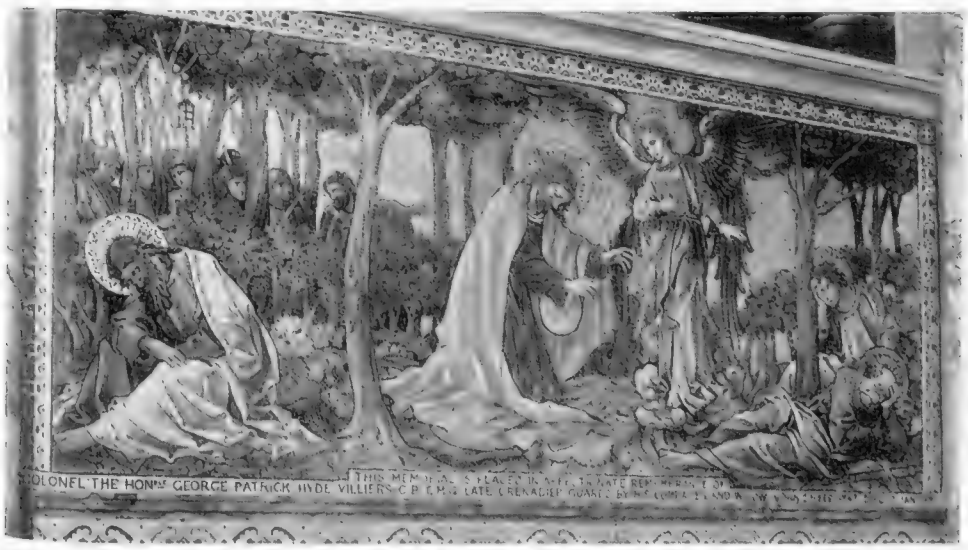
A GREAT TASK COMPLETED AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

Skilled hands of patient craftsmen have now completed the task of restoring the bomb-blasted mosaics in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. The mosaics, before the war considered some of the most beautiful in the country, suffered badly when a flying-bomb almost completely destroyed the Chapel on a Sunday morning in June 1944 during a service. One hundred and thirty-three people were killed and many were injured in the bombing. The Chapel was founded by the Rev. Dr. Dakins, Principal Chaplain to the Forces, and it was opened in May 1838. The Chapel interior remained austere and without artistic beauty until George Edmund Street was appointed architect for reconstruction in 1876. Little was done to the main fabric, but wonderful progress had been made with the interior decorative work when the Chapel was reopened in 1879, after being closed for the work for nearly two years. Succeeding years saw many beautiful marbles and mosaics added to the Chapel, including a mosaic given by Queen Victoria. Working on the restoration of the mosaics during the past four months have been two craftsmen who have spent their lives creating beauty. Mr. Thomas de Spirt, born in Venice in 1883, who now lives at King's Cross, has been making mosaics in this country and America for fifty-three years. Assisting him has been John Heatley, of Muswell Hill, one of the few British mosaic workers.

RESTORATION IN THE APSE OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: Looking from the Nissen hut (built within the shell of the blitzed Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks) to the apse with its fine mosaics which have now been restored after several months of intensive work. The main reconstruction of the Chapel will not take place for several years. The Chapel was hit by a flying bomb during morning service on Sunday, June 18, 1944, when the German V 1 campaign was at its height.

THE TEMPORARY NAVE OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: This picture shows how the Nissen hut erected in the blitzed precincts of the Chapel leads towards the Sanctuary, one of the remaining parts of the original Chapel. In the Sanctuary is the George V Memorial Altar, which is composed of mosaic panels framed in black marble, the predominant colours being blue and gold. The altar was subscribed for by 2,500 officers and men of the Guards.

ON OF THE RESTORED CEILING MOSAICS IN THE SANCTUARY: The semi-dome mosaic represents Christ in Glory above the tomb attended on each side by Cherubim. It was put up in 1894 to the memory of General Sir Philip Smith, and is considered by far the finest of the Chapel's mosaics, both in point of design and in the quality of the gold tesseræ. Sir Philip Smith, who at one time commanded the Brigade of Guards, played a big part in the reconstruction of the Guards' Chapel in the last century as a memorial to the Brigade of Guards. Sir Philip died in 1894.



REPRESENTING THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: This is one of the mosaics below the windows of the Sanctuary. Christ kneels in the centre foreground attended by an angel carrying the Holy Grail. Beside Him sleep the three attendant Apostles, while the helmets of Roman soldiers, guided to the spot by Judas, catch the rays of the setting sun as they approach through the trees.

THE PANEL ABOVE THE VESTRY DOOR: This is a decorative design composed of seated angels holding scrolls on which appear the words Love, Joy, Peace, Long Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness and Temperance.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MISS CORYN AT LOUIS XIV's COURT

"Sorrow by Day," a Novel of Real Character Regarding the Half-pitiful, Half-absurd Love-story of La Grande Mademoiselle

THERE is wonderful value in Miss Marjorie Coryn's new historical novel, which is rich, lush, colourful, and yet exact in detail and unusually evocative of the period. Miss Coryn writes of the reign of Louis XIV, *le Roi Soleil*, and of the half-pitiful, half-absurd love-story of his cousin, la Grande Mademoiselle, who as a Bourbon was Duchess of Montpensier in her own right, and yet who loved a little Gascon adventurer. SORROW BY DAY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) gives a picture of the constantly moving Court—a three-sided daily dash between Versailles, St. Germain and Paris was nothing to Louis and his train of courtiers—and gives it with such clarity of expression that the reader comes to know the cold spaces of the vast State rooms, the close, satiny boudoir of the lovely and vicious Madame de Montespan, the royal dinner-tables, at which Louis would sit surrounded only by ladies, the vast new palaces being built at fabulous cost, and the vast new gardens being designed by Le Nôtre, and, above all, the constant journeyings in the cumbrous coaches; journeyings which seem to have been undertaken with as much insouciance, in spite of their discomfort, as any trip by a Bentley or Ford of to-day. Brooding over this constantly emphasised aspect of the novel, incidentally, it did occur to me that a royal progress then was hardly likely to be held up by traffic jams. But even so. . . .

The Grande Mademoiselle was already forty-one and still unmarried when she first took notice of the small figure of the Comte de Lauzun, a soldier of proved worth and in the King's favour, but moneyless and of undistinguished lineage. She towered above him both physically, for she was of impressive stature, and in her unassailable royal position of being the second lady in the land. Yet she fell in love with him, simply and completely, and was to ask Louis' consent to their marriage. Court life being what it was, de Lauzun had his enemies, and of these the Montespan was not only the bitterest, but the one who could most easily approach the King. It was through her that de Lauzun was banished and imprisoned in a southern fortress, and it was she who made his reinstatement in favour impossible when, after many years, Mademoiselle had gained his freedom for him.

The little man's posturings, his unique loyalty—to Louis—and the proud, heavy and yet sometimes grotesque behaviour of Mademoiselle, make this a novel of real character, as well as one of great virtuosity. Only the wrapper of the book, self-consciously cute where it should have been elegant, seemed to me to be out of key. But don't let that put you off reading the novel, for you will have missed a real treat.

There are the same quality of strangeness and of finding beauty in unexpected places about Mr. Ian Niall's new book that have distinguished his others, and which have made them, from the critic's point of view, so welcome in the newness of their style and concept. THE DELUGE (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is the story of a disaster which one knows to be inevitable from the first few pages, but which by some magic of writing still pervades the book with its mounting tension, as if one were as ignorant of its approach as the people whom it is to overwhelm. The scene is a village called appropriately Hillside, and the place is built down a slope, with a central street, Water Row, down which flows a stream from a reservoir higher up. This reservoir is contained on the village side by an old wall fitted with sluices that have rusted and become half-useless with age, and in a particularly rainy season the level of the water is rising to a height never known before. A deluge that will kill scores of the villagers below is obviously imminent, and, having established this, the author turns to a review of some of the men and women who are to be among the victims and the saved. It is a dramatic method, and drama of the strongest kind suits Mr. Niall's odd blend of poetry and realism. All his novels have been disconcerting in a salutary way, and *The Deluge* follows this original pattern: surprising in content and enormously effective in treatment. A book for the armchair, perhaps, but not for the somnolent.

How well Mr. H. J. Kaplan knows Paris and appreciates the vagaries of its Left Bank is shown in his novel THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), which, in spite of its resounding title, is a little novel of *mœurs* as practised by American expatriates in the St. Germain quarter. The tale is told by a Mr. Phineas Strauss, himself an A. ex-P., who lives by lecturing and occasionally by writing, in an uncomfortable flat there, while he dreams of far more comfortable accommodation on a higher floor of the same building, has shattering rows with the *concierge* and strictly immoral relations with his peripatetic girl friend. Into his apartment, dark and cramped as it is, drift a young couple who can neither make up their minds to marry nor to part nor to leave Europe for their respective home towns. Their problems, over which neither the reader nor the author's Mr. Strauss lose a night's sleep, occupy the greater part of the book, and are discussed in endless, decorated detail by these three and their nearest acquaintances. The novel, in fact, is built of talk, talk so endless, egotistical and flowing that the rue de Jacob and the rue d'Assas could very well be littered with donkey's hind-legs at the story's end. No matter how great the sound and fury, however, this is a tale told by and, I think, for intelligent people, and acts as a very agreeable sharpener of wits.

THE DISENCHANTED (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is the story of four people whose lives, as far as the novel is concerned, start in widely different circumstances and places: a girl from the Low Countries, one from the East End, a man from Paris and one from Boston, all meeting in the end at a ramshackle inn high up off a main road in the Alps. By a not unfamiliar device they, and their experiences, typify various human qualities and foibles, and each of them has travelled a hard road through life, though none of them is yet old. In Switzerland they meet and pause, before the next decisive step in their lives, and there they meet a man who seems to have extraordinary perception, a man whom each takes to be a countryman of his own. He offers them a means of escape from the remote little hotel and from their particular problems in a drive down the misty mountainside in his old black station wagon which has a curious resemblance to a hearse. One of them takes it and is killed, the other three remain to brood over their escape and the curious fact that the driver's Germanic name can be translated simply as Conscience. Miss Beryl Moore strains the parallel a little but not unforgivably.

TWO NEW PLAQUES SET UP IN WEST LONDON: *Left*—The L.C.C. plaque on 6, Grenville Place, Kensington, commemorating the residence there from 1875 to 1890 of Charles Booth, the third son of a Liverpool corn merchant, who became a notable pioneer in social research. His celebrated inquiry into the condition and occupations of the people of London lasted for sixteen years, and was based in part on long sojourns in the East End. In 1904 Booth became a Privy Councillor. He died in 1916. *Right*—This plaque, affixed to 57, Pont Street, Chelsea, commemorates the residence there of Sir George Alexander, the great actor-manager, who began his career with a drapery firm. In his youth Alexander received a helping hand from Irving, who engaged him for the Lyceum. It was in 1891 that Alexander entered upon his brilliant period of management at the St. James's Theatre.

Syria of nearly forty years ago is the scene of Miss Coral Hope's novel, THE SHADOWED HOUR (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.), and it is a scene that the author has known herself in childhood to recollect in maturity. The story is built round one of those tragedies which diplomats sometimes refer to as "incidents," and it concerns the hanging of a man as a result of a clash of wills between the Turkish and European authorities of the time. The hanging is seen by a young girl, the daughter of a British Consular official, on her way to school, and it is through her perception and her terrors that the real causes behind the act are discovered. Miss Hope writes sympathetically if at times sentimentally of a subject she evidently understands, and her book has an appeal that a glimpse through a new and narrow window might suddenly provide.

If you like a story that is certainly a thriller but not wholly a work of detection; that is exciting and fantastic yet still rooted in possibilities, and that is as readable as a lamb chop is eatable, then I recommend to you THRO' A GLASS DARKLY (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), by Miss Helen McCloy, who, I see, has recently been elected President of the Mystery Writers of America, with, I should imagine, very little opposition. I don't propose to tell you much about the story, except that it is set in the States of New York and New Jersey, and that the setting is as irrelevant as it would be if it were the Sahara or Chorlton-cum-Hardy. For this, above all, is a *story*, a story that one must finish at a single reading if possible, and that is told with a beautiful economy and a lack of tricks and mannerisms very grateful to the eye and mind. Here is a novel that is both creepy and logical, cerebral enough for a Proustian, and exciting enough for someone who only reads in trains. I think that you 'll see what I mean.

GOERING IN MANY GUISES

Willi Frischauer's Masterly New Biography

On the Sunday before last, from the portals of Lansberg Gaol, where Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* in 1923, stepped twenty-nine arms kings, generals and politicians who were found guilty at Nuremberg, but are now free again because of "changed circumstances." That new spirit of clemency, the spirit of letting bygones be bygones, does not animate Willi Frischauer in his life of GOERING (Odhams Press. 12s. 6d.). This former Viennese journalist, who settled in England in 1935 and was from the outset the sternest of critics of the Third Reich, approaches his "gigantic" subject in no mood of clemency, but, with what is much more valuable, a sense of fairness, an obvious determination to present the facts now that access to State and military documents and to surviving witnesses is possible in an atmosphere free of the tumult and the stridency of National Socialist Germany. The result is a biography of a high order, very much better indeed than the purple passages in the newspaper serialisation of the book seemed to indicate. In 300 pages of well-marshalled facts, with little space given to conjecture and practically none to hearsay and propaganda, Mr. Frischauer traces the life-story of a many-sided and truly fantastic figure, at once a bully, a braggart, a swashbuckler, and a very devil incarnate in his Gestapo machinations, but withal a man of culture, with a genuine flair in artistic connoisseurship, a brilliant mixer in the higher realms of diplomacy, and a home-lover not without warm human qualities. The book is as many-sided as Goering was himself, and from its pages there emerge a host of personalities, all bearing the name of Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, but each violently contradictory; for this ruthless figure who in more than one way bestrode Europe like a colossus, was not so much a strong character as a powerful reflection of the person who currently influenced him. At his worst he was the reflection of the terrible Rudolf Diels, that "human monster of sensitive face and cruel, broken beauty" whom Goering picked out of hundreds to become Chief of the Gestapo; at his best he was the reflection of the frail and lovely Karin Goering, who helped him through his early days and succumbed to tuberculosis in the hour of Nazi triumph in Germany. The author has dealt with this contradictory character, who is so hard to analyse, rather in the manner of Joseph Hergesheimer, allowing us to view Goering through the eyes of others, people like General Bodenshatz, his closest friend, Robert Kropp, his valet, General Karl Koller, last chief of staff of the Luftwaffe, and Emmy, his widow, all of whom are alive to-day. It is a perplexing business, but it is surely the essence of good biography; although many will find it hard to reconcile the Goering who helped to drive his colleagues Udet and Jeschonneck to their dooms with the Goering who brought presents home for his little daughter Edda, the Goering of unceasing toil in the early days of the Air Ministry with the pleasure-loving idler who hunted at Rominten while his country floundered, or the raging drug addict (who had to be flung into a Swedish sanatorium) with the matchless aviator who in the First World War led the Richthofen Squadron with courageous dash. But they are all there, the many Goerings, and Willi Frischauer points to the milestones on the path of this man's corruption.

Christopher Marlowe, whose tawdry life and vast poetic achievements spanned a mere twenty-nine years between 1564 and 1593 in the midst of the Elizabethan era which he helped to make great, is the subject of a brief biography and a searching critical analysis by Michael Poirier, Professor of English Literature in the Sorbonne. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) adds nothing to the meagre stock of facts about the poet. Instead Mr. Poirier paints a psychological portrait of this blatant atheist whose viewpoint outraged all conventional notions of orthodoxy and whose mode of living is suggested by the manner of his death in a low tavern brawl at Deptford. He concludes by attempting to assess the æsthetic value of Marlowe's writings, emphasising that as a dramatist he belongs to a bygone age, but that as a poet his fame will last as long as the English language.

The very title AN INTRODUCTION TO RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE (Art and Technics. 15s.) would seem to conjure up some quite appalling monstrosities, and thus some of the illustrations in Christian Barman's new volume come as no surprise. As the author points out, however, there are many architectural works of uncommon power and distinction in the railway realm, as witness Wingfield Station, gabled Littleport and church-like Battle, all of which adorn this unusual book about a commonplace subject.

Only ardent followers of the French apostle of Nietzsche and Dostoievsky are likely to read to the end D. L. Thomas's critical analysis of ANDRÉ GIDE (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), although its importance is beyond question. Of special interest is Mr. Thomas's interpretation of Gide's approach to his novel *The Coiners*, which is itself, we are told, an interpretation of the author's attitude at the time he wrote *The Coiners*. Nothing, of course, could be more simple!

Three widely varying books, with the point in common that they are of an introductory character, are Richard Waddington's FLY FISHING FOR SALMON (Faber and Faber. 16s.), J. B. Sidgwick's INTRODUCING ASTRONOMY (Faber and Faber. 15s.), and Graham Reynolds's AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING (*Country Life*. 21s.).

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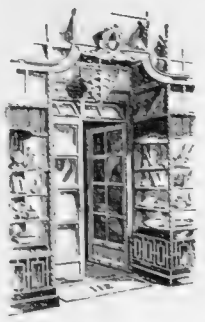

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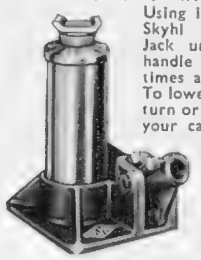

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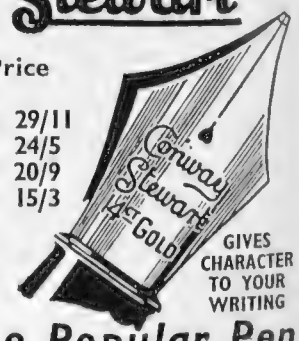

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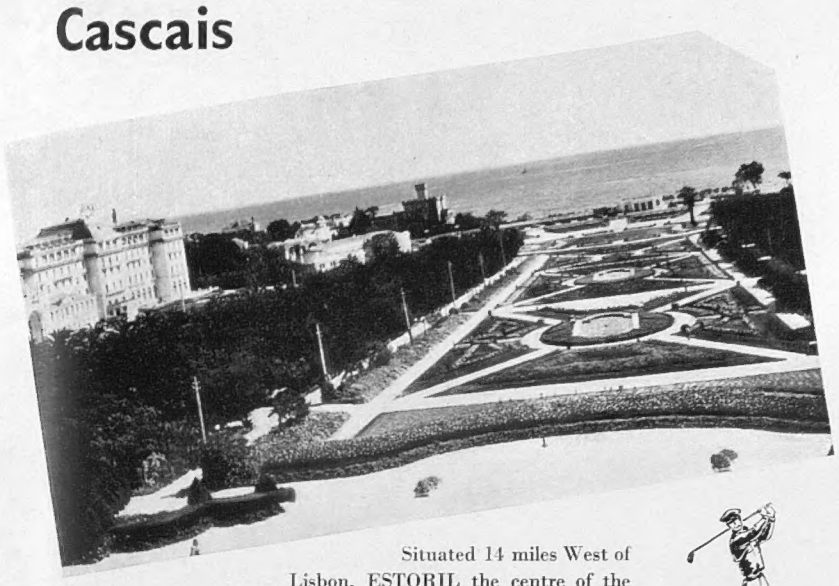

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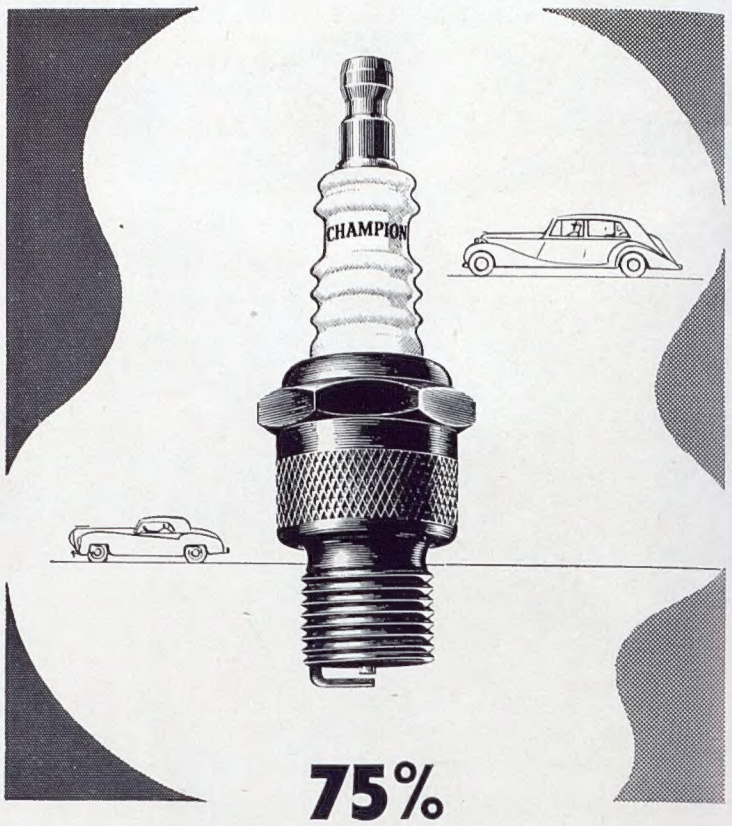

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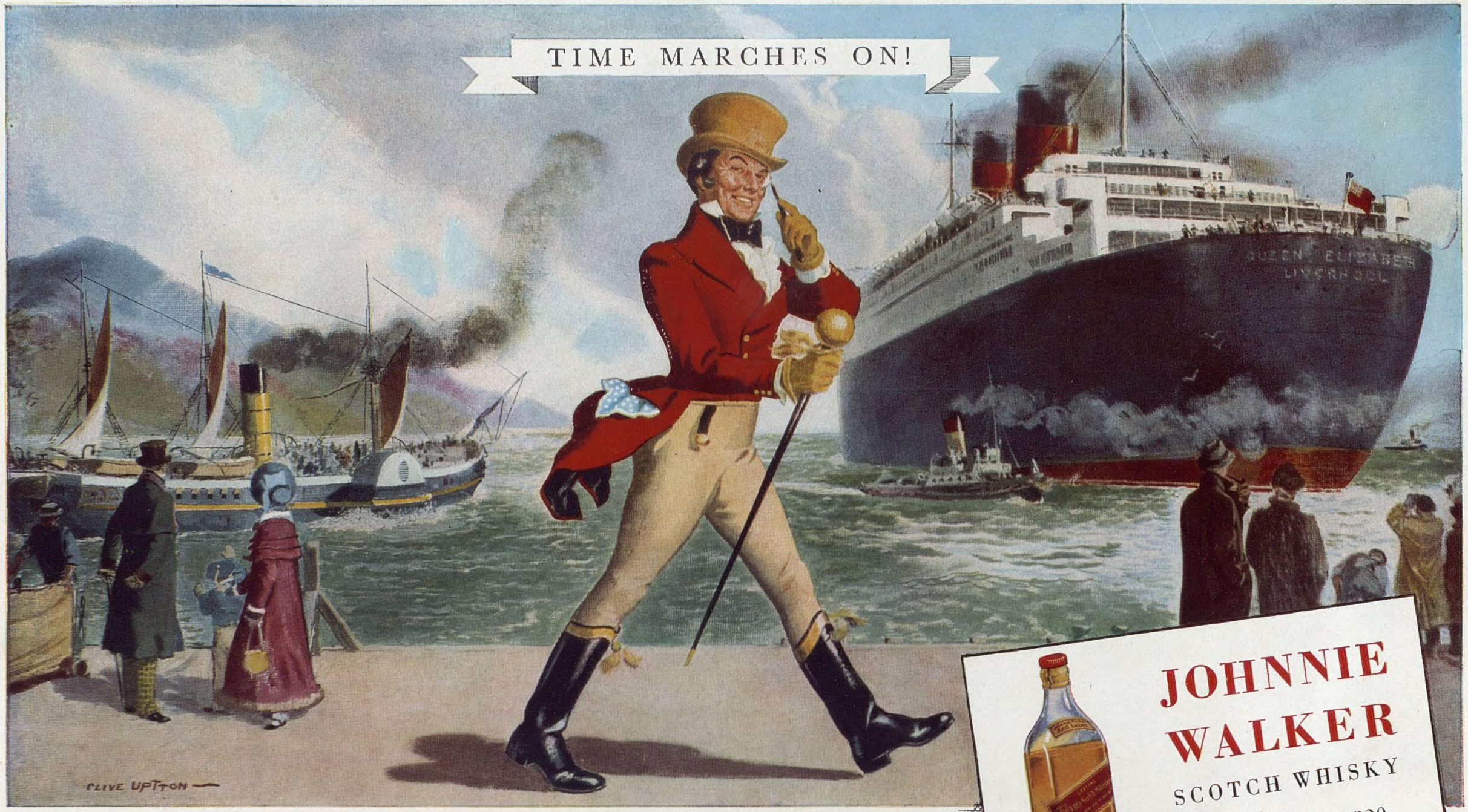

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